

The Womens Missionary Magazine

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FREEDMEN'S MISSIONS

Some Negroes Who Have Made Good

BY R. W. McGRANAHAN, D. D.

Secretary of Negro Work, Board of Home Missions.

IT IS proposed in the following sketches to simply introduce to you a few of the Negroes you ought to know in our own work and others prominent in the world's work. Nat-

urally we first select three of the ministers who figured most largely in building up our work among the colored people.

I—IN OUR OWN WORK

REV. JACOB L. COOK—PIONEER



Rev. J. L. Cook of our church—the first Negro ordained to the United Presbyterian Ministry.

He was perhaps the only United Presbyterian preacher who did not know his birthday. The reason was that he was born in slavery. As the mothers of slaves seldom could write very few slaves knew their exact age.

His thirst for knowledge and early determination to get the best education possible took him to Knoxville College where he worked his way

through, always dreaming of the time when he would go back to his home and open a Mission so that other black boys and girls could have the chance that he did not have.

After graduating from Knoxville College and Allegheny Theological Seminary the Freedmen's Board appointed Mr. Cook the pastor and principal of a new Mission to be opened at his home town of Athens, Tenn. He was the happiest man in the world as he built up a fine school and labored among the people with whom he had grown up as a ragged bare-foot boy and started hundreds of young people on the way to useful lives.

In 1900 he was transferred from Athens to Henderson, N. C., Insti-

tute. Under his leadership the work grew and prospered wonderfully. He labored beyond his strength and after three years of consecrated effort for his people and the glory of His Master he entered into rest.

He was a magnetic speaker and those who heard him at the General Assemblies and Young People's Conventions will never forget his messages. He believed with all his heart in the Missions of the United Presbyterian Church to his own people—no more devoted minister ever served the United Presbyterian Church.

An interesting incident in Mr. Cook's life occurred in the early 90's when sitting on his porch in Athens a white woman approached and after some conversation made herself known as the former owner of Mr. Cook's mother. She told him that his mother was sold to a Mr. Cook shortly before he was born and that was why his name was Cook instead of her own name. She told Mr. Cook of her need and asked if Mrs. Cook might have any old dresses that she had laid aside and which might be given to her. It is needless to say she received more than she asked.

DR. AND MRS. CHARLES H. JOHNSON BLACK BELT PIONEERS



Mrs. Tillie E. Johnson. Johnson) received the first diploma from Knoxville College. It was a diploma from the Normal Department. It was the sainted Miss

It would be hard to describe the work of one of these two devoted missionaries without the other.

Mrs. Johnson (better known as Tillie E.

Eliza B. Wallace who found her and made her education possible and imparted to her the ideals of womanhood and service that have made her life such a splendid example to her race.

After her graduation she wished to serve where the need was greatest. That took her to the heart of the black belt at Miller's Ferry, Alabama, where her life was invested in the transformation and upbuilding of hundreds of her own people.

Rev. C. H. Johnson, D. D., after being graduated from Knoxville College took his theological course at Wilberforce University and was ordained a minister in the Methodist Church. His marriage together with his conviction that the United Presbyterian Church had a great Mission for his own people led him to join his wife as the head of the work at Miller's Ferry.

The work of these two devoted missionaries in transforming whole communities will never be known this side of eternity. The people of both races who have known of their work rise up and call them blessed. They have seen the one room cabin under their influence give way to the attractive home. They have seen clean, beautiful, upright lives with high aspiration for Christian living come out of environment that seemed hopeless.

On account of Mrs. Johnson's failing health they are now living in Birmingham, Ala., but Dr. Johnson still ministers to the Miller's Ferry congregation as their pastor.

**DR. AND MRS. JOHN A. COTTON
EDUCATORS**



On account of Dr. Cotton's service through the Board of Freedmen's Missions in visitation of the churches in the Areal Cultivation he is perhaps the best known to the whole church of all our colored workers. His service in this capacity has been of marked value in interesting the church in the work in the Southland. Dr. Cotton came from the Mountains of Kentucky, attending school at Berea College and later at Knoxville College from which he was graduated in 1898. He graduated from Allegheny Seminary in 1901. His first work was at Cleveland, Tenn., after which he succeeded the lamented J. L. Cook as pastor and principal at Henderson Institute, N. C.

Mrs. Cotton at the time of their

marriage was director of music at Knoxville College. After her graduation at Knoxville College she completed her work at the Conservatory of Music at Oberlin College, Ohio, when she returned to teach at Knoxville. She is a woman of rare culture and gifts. In addition to taking care of her household duties she has had charge of the Department of Music at Henderson Institute ever since entering on the work in 1903.

The position of Dr. and Mrs. Cotton as leaders among their own race in North Carolina has been noteworthy. Foremost among all the states in the South in its educational work for the colored people and cultural uplift is North Carolina. Dr. and Mrs. Cotton have had a prominent part in this.

Henderson Institute stands highly accredited in secondary education in the South. The church may well be proud of leaders such as these.

II—NEGROES YOU OUGHT TO KNOW OUTSIDE OUR WORK

HENRY F. BURLEIGH—MUSICIAN

The story of the life of "Harry" Burleigh reads like a romance. He was a poor boy in Erie, Pennsylvania. His love for music was such that when he would pass the homes where good music was rendered he would stand for hours outside the window to listen to it. This attracted the attention of Mrs. E. C. Russell and she arranged that "Harry" should come to her home whenever she had special music in her home and she employed him to open the door for guests so that in this way he could listen without exposure and without

danger. Thus his taste was cultivated and friends arranged for him to take advanced study at the National Conservatory of Music in New York.

No less interesting is the story of his admission to the choir at St. George's Church, New York, where for twenty years he has been the solo baritone and director of the choir. The late Dr. Rainsford was rector at the time of his admission to the choir on a competitive test. Prominent members of the choir declared they would not sing if a Negro were taken in. Dr. Rainsford unhesitatingly in-

formed them that the Negro would be taken in whether they remained or not. The world has been the richer for Dr. Rainsford's decision.

The name of "Harry" Burleigh is linked up with the Negro melodies as

he has arranged so many of them and the Victrola records have no more attractive numbers than those of "Harry" Burleigh in the Negro spirituals. Burleigh rendered a great service in making the spirituals known.



ROBERT R. MOTON
Principal at Tuskegee

DR. ROBERT R. MOTON
RACE LEADER AND EDUCATOR

The successor of Booker T. Washington as head of Tuskegee Institute may not be as well known as his illustrious predecessor but he is a character no less interesting and his work

is no less monumental. Washington belonged to the whole country. Moton has devoted himself primarily to the building up of Tuskegee and a wonderful work has been achieved. His fine Christian character makes a deep impress upon his students and

his sane and wise guidance is given to the more than two thousand young people that are in attendance at this famous Negro institution.

In Dr. Moton's return recently from a trip around the world he gave expression to the following, "I have come back home with this impression, I would rather be a Negro in the United States of America than any other human being on God's earth. I would rather have a Negro's chance of progress and development of body, mind and spirit here in America than that of any other race under the sun." Because of Dr. Moton's constructive, earnest, Christian leadership his impress upon the Negro youth of today is most helpful.

GEORGE W. CARVER—SCIENTIST

A fuller sketch of Mr. Carver's life can be found in *The Magazine* of February 1923. This short reference to him here is made because he is such an unusual character. He is at present the Director of the Department of Research of Tuskegee Institute, Alabama. He received his education at Iowa Agricultural College where he came into contact with the Honorable James Wilson, afterwards Secretary of Agriculture under McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft. Through Mr. Wilson he was given the opportunity for development and he was on the way to fame even before Booker T. Washington secured him for Tuskegee. At Tuskegee he has

become known for the discoveries in science that he has made, particularly the uses that can be made of the sweet potato and the peanut in the South. When the war cut off the German dyes Carver discovered dyes that are now used as substitutes for the German products. Carver is much sought for as speaker at Teachers' Institutes and conferences. He is a member of the Royal Society of Arts of London.

OTHERS WE SHOULD KNOW

Did space permit we would like to present sketches of prominent Negroes who are doing a great work such as below. All these listed may be found in *Who's Who in America* except Roland Hayes whose coming to fame has been too recent to be included in the last publication of this volume.

Dr. George Haynes, Author and Secretary of the Commission on the Church and Race Relations.

Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, Editor and Author.

Dr. J. W. E. Bowen, Preacher and Theologian.

Dr. John Hope, College President.

Henry O. Tanner, Artist.

Dr. Daniel H. Williams, Physician.

Wm. Stanley Braithwaite, Poet and Author.

Emmett J. Scott, Author.

Roland Hayes, World renowned tenor singer.

The following Negroes won first place in the Harmon Prizes, awarded January 1927, in recognition of creative work: art, Palmer C. Hayden; science, James C. Evans; education, Virginia Randolph; business, C. C. Spaulding; religion, Max Yergan, Y. M. C. A. Secretary in South Africa.

Our Freedmen's Work

A Part of the Address Delivered at the W. G. M. S. Convention, Pittsburg, Kan.

By Rev. W. G. Wilson, Camden, Ala.

I ESTEEM it a great honor to stand upon this platform tonight before this splendid gathering of consecrated women of the United Presbyterian Church, and to have the privilege of saying something that may, perhaps deepen your interest in the work our Church is doing in the Southland among my people.

I bring to you greetings from the Presbytery of Tennessee, and from that faithful little band of Freedmen's workers, who for more than fifty years have stood with their backs to the wall, and fought sin and ignorance and superstition and prejudice of almost every conceivable kind as they have sought to carry on the work of the Kingdom. And I want to mention too, the great number of Negro boys and girls who are facing life today with brighter hope and wider vision because of the help of the United Presbyterian Church.

THE PROBLEM

There are in this country, as you perhaps already know, about 12 millions of Negro people, the majority of whom live, and perhaps always will live in the South. Their presence among you constitutes a distinct problem in sociology, and Christian philanthropy that cannot possibly be ignored by those who call themselves disciples of the Master. These people are descendents of those African savages brought here by the white man, kept in slavery for two hundred and fifty years, and then in the Providence of God, suddenly set free and left to make their own way in the

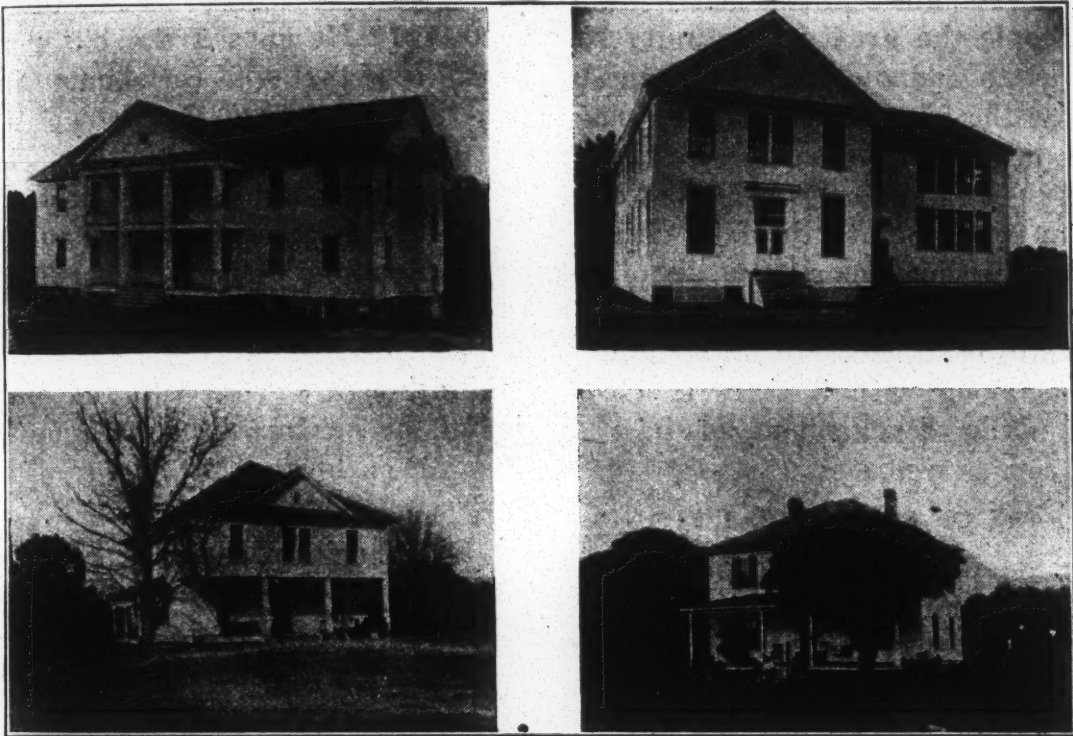
world. There were about four millions of them, poor, ignorant, helpless, without homes, with no knowledge of home life, without ideals, without objectives, they were just free.

There was nothing before them to beckon them on, nothing behind to inspire; just the recollection of their years of ceaseless toil, the remembrance of that long starless night that at last had changed to day. Many of them bundled up their belongings, just a few ragged clothes and started out on their way. They didn't know where they were going, nor what they were going to do, but they were FREE, and they wanted to get away from the old plantation where they had been wronged and mistreated, and to leave the old life behind them forever. Some had the idea that they didn't even want to work any more, for in their simple minds, work was linked up with the old life of slavery and oppression and they were through with that for all time. These people were like helpless children, they needed help, they needed to be set on their feet, and started out in the right direction, or they would become a menace to the whole nation. They needed ideals, inspiration, instruction, aspiration; they needed to know the Everlasting Truth which alone can make men free, and unless these speedily came to them from some source, they would be doomed not only to inevitable disaster for themselves, but they would become a millstone

about the neck of the nation by which they had been enslaved.

Oh, friends, the freedom of the slave might have become an awful tragedy had not the big-hearted people of the church gone among these helpless freedmen with encouragement and help in this hour of greatest need.

last sixty years. The United States Commissioner of Education said that illiteracy among the Negroes had been reduced from 90% at the time of their emancipation to less than 20% at the present time, and that nothing like that has ever happened before at any time or place in the history of the world. "No people," he said,



CAMDEN ACADEMY, CAMDEN, ALA.

Left to right—Wilson Hall, School building, Vincent Hall, Principal's home.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AMONG FIRST TO HELP

Among the first of the churches to begin work for the Freedmen was our own United Presbyterian Church, which has done, and is still doing a splendid work among these people. Knoxville College, Norfolk Mission, Henderson, Thyne Institute, Miller's Ferry, Camden, Arlington, Prairie, Canton Bend, and a number of other stations have all contributed their share toward the phenomenal progress made by the race during the

"ever rose from illiteracy to literacy so rapidly as the colored people of the Southern States."

Not only have we made rapid strides in getting rid of illiteracy, but we have made tremendous progress in everything that goes to make people better; we have consistently, and persistently stood up under every impartial test that modern civilization has applied to us as a people. And I am sure you will agree with me that this is no small achievement for a people just sixty years out of slavery. But

this marvellous progress could not have been altogether possible had it not been for the more than fifty years of consecrated service of your Freedmen's Work.

It is fitting, I think, that the United Presbyterian Church, known for its orthodoxy, and its aggressive missionary spirit, should be among the first to recognize in this needy group of people the great opportunity for service to God and the nation; and to realize the fact that no nation, whatever may have been its ancestry or history, can be truly an enlightened nation while one tenth of its citizens are living in ignorance. In other words, that the highest development of white America is an impossibility, unless along with it there is a corresponding development of black America as well.

PART OF GOD'S GREAT PLAN

In helping the colored men of the South to more fully realize his destiny as a part of this great American Nation, and encouraging him to develop what is highest and best in his nature, the United Presbyterian Church is helping to work out the purposes of God. If you read the wonderful story of the American Negro, you will be forced to the conclusion that it was no chance happening which brought him to this country; it was not an accident that sent a Dutch ship up the James River with twenty black savages to be sold into slavery three centuries ago. Others came here to seek freedom; God permitted the Negroes to be brought here unwillingly, to be made slaves, kept in touch with the white man's civilization, and finally with no effort of their own, set free that His Divine

purposes might be worked out in their life. I believe that God, in His Great Scheme of things, has some particular work for the American Negro, that he is one of the wheels in the vast machinery of the Universe working out the Plans of Jehovah. How else can we interpret the fact that the Negro has had such tremendous influence on the life and history of this country? He caused the bitter political feud that split the country into two hostile factions, that brought on the Great Civil War which drenched the land in the blood of its best citizens, and threatened the destruction of the Republic. On his account three amendments have been written into the Constitution of the United States, and although largely deprived of the ballot, he has nevertheless been the inspiration of a large number of the laws of our land.

Musical critics tell us that his folk songs constitute the only original American music, and the most gripping story in American Literature was written about Negroes and Negro life, while the prosperity of a large section of our country is dependent upon his labor. The life of these people is inseparably bound up with the life of the American Nation. They are a part of you, and what helps one will help the other, and what hurts one will inevitably injure the other. And it does seem to me that to be able to influence the thoughts and to help shape the lives of these people whom God has placed in your midst, and who for more than three hundred years have had such vital influence on the thought and the life of the nation, is a work worthy of the best efforts of

any church; for America will never be able to take her place as an exemplar among the nations of the earth until her black sons and daughters of the South have been lifted up.

THE SOLUTION

Your Freedmen's Work has done much to help bring about this needed result. You have brought to these people the needed ideals, inspiration,

ing a large number of colored people not only in the South, but in some of the teeming centers of population in the North as well.

Wilcox County, the section from which I come, and in which I have been working under the auspices of the United Presbyterian Church for twenty-two years is in the great Black Belt Section of Alabama, with a col-



FACULTY OF CAMDEN ACADEMY, CAMDEN, ALA.
Rev. W. G. Wilson, principal, center of back row.

and Christian training to get them started right. You are helping to inspire and train those who are going out as teachers, ministers of the Gospel and leaders among their people. These go out and touch other thousands and thus the influence of the United Presbyterian Church and the ideals for which it stands are reach-

ing a large number of colored people not only in the South, but in some of the teeming centers of population in the North as well. Of these colored children, only 2683 were enrolled in the public schools, and 2083, or 25% of the colored children of school age were still illiterate. In this same

year the appropriation for the 8636 colored children was \$4600. These figures were taken from the Annual Report of the Department of Education of Alabama, and I am not bringing them to you in the nature of grievances, but merely mention them in order to show you the supreme necessity for our Freedmen's Work in this section. Here are nearly nine thousand children, whose fathers and mothers have always been loyal to America, waiting to be educated and less than \$5000 with which to do it.

This means, that unless aid comes to them from some source, these black children of the nation must remain in ignorance must grow up into manhood and womanhood without a chance for the better things of life. It is here, in the heart of darkest America that the United Presbyterian Church has been working, and for more than forty years our work has been the most substantial uplifting force among the large colored population of Wilcox County.

Just a few nights ago, a man connected with the State Department of Education of Alabama made the following statement in a public speech, "I don't know what the colored people of Wilcox County would have done had it not been for the schools the United Presbyterian Church has placed in your midst, and I shudder to think what must have been your condition had it not been for the helpful service they have rendered you all these years."

RESULTS

Perhaps you didn't know this; perhaps you never thought that when you put a dollar, or a hundred dollars into the Freedmen's Work you were send-

ing help and opportunity and inspiration to the black boy and girl down yonder who were absolutely dependent on the United Presbyterian Church. Our own Dr. McGranahan on one occasion made use of the following expression: "There is no mission work anywhere where the investment of a dollar brings larger returns for church and country than our Freedmen's Work." And when we take into account the large number of splendid young people whom we have trained for service, when we follow them up, and know something of their activities and influence upon their various communities, when we know of the better homes, better lives, better people, and the better feeling that exists between the colored man and his white neighbor, wherever our work has been established, we believe he was right. I wish I had the time to tell you of those who have gone out from our schools as teachers and preachers among their people; I wish I could tell you of the great number of others who are just living clean upright Christian lives, for after all, I think this is the acid test of the value, or worthwhileness of any work.

I would not under any circumstances seek to minimize the importance of the work you are doing in other places, I would not have you give one penny less to any of your missionary enterprises, but I do wish that I had the power to burn into the hearts of you good women of the United Presbyterian Church tonight, the fact that you have down in your mission fields of the South an opportunity for rendering a service to your nation, to your God, and to common humanity that is not excelled anywhere, nor among any other people.

Signs Of Progress

By C. S. Simpson, Principal Miller's Ferry, Ala.

FOR a number of years the Freedmen's Board of Missions of the United Presbyterian Church of North America has been maintaining schools and churches in the Black Belt, Wilcox County, Alabama. At first the way looked dark but through the counsel and material help of the Board and the faithfulness of the pioneers, subsequent workers and patrons this work has grown considerably. And as the work has grown, so the people touched by the work have advanced.

The prime object, of course, is to Christianize and teach a practical Christianity to the boys and girls. Throughout these Missions the workers have not lost sight of this object. The Christian training and a mere secular training differ widely. Through the Sabbath Schools, Junior Missionary, Young Women's Missionary, Y. W. C. A., Y. M. C. A. and Young People's Societies, a foundation of Christian ideals is laid that will help many even who cannot attend our schools. For those touched directly will go out and touch other lives and thus indirectly our work is far reaching.

The attitude of the people in these communities has changed greatly toward our work. While there used to be a great deal of prejudice toward the religious side especially, this has almost entirely disappeared. Although the parents belong to other denominations yet they are willing for their children to join our church because they feel that they will be tenderly cared for.

MOTHERS' CLUBS

One of the main factors for reaching out and helping change the lives of the mothers and fathers has been the Mothers' Clubs that most of the Missions organized. Through this club many mothers were reached both directly and indirectly. Many were interested because it gave them the opportunity of learning to read, write and do simple arithmetic. They appreciated this as now they could read the Bible for themselves. Rules of hygiene and talks on how to care for and discipline children were given, and these applied, proved a great aid to the teacher for now she had the cooperation of some of the parents at least. Later sewing and ways of utilizing old clothes, burlap bags, etc., in making useful and tasteful articles for the home were brought in. The Sabbath School lesson is generally taught and each member recites a verse of Scripture at each meeting. In the spring an annual program is given at which the members appear in black or dark skirt and white shirt-waist (later the middy and smock). This has helped improve the neatness and taste of choosing clothes.

At Miller's Ferry the Mothers' Club has built a two-room building where the first four school grades are taught and where the Club holds its meetings. The Mothers appreciate this building and are proud to call it their own.

BETTER EQUIPMENT

Throughout the Missions of the Black Belt where at one time stood

log cabins, one finds now beautiful substantial school buildings, some with steam heat and electricity, all obtained through the generosity of our friends of the United Presbyterian Church working through the Boards.

The force of workers is larger, too, and thus the work is kept up to the standard. The people at the different stations are realizing just what this work means to them and out of their little they give willingly when the call comes for an annual contribution.

NURSES AND NEIGHBORS

There have been other changes, too, for the better. Some of the people used to be afraid to enter a hospital, so within recent years a class of Community ladies was organized into a Nurses Training Class at Miller's Ferry. They showed great interest and ability and have done much already in helping their neighbors and friends in times of illness. As the nearest physician is 10 miles distant, many lives have been saved through the knowledge of a nurse who could give first relief until the doctor could be sent for (in early days there were no telephones near). Then, too, in the days before the cars came to be so extensively used the quickest method of traversing the 10 miles was on horseback. So gradually the hospital through its own service and through the service of its classes has come to mean much to the people.

IMPROVED DRESS

A visitor to the community churches notes particularly the neatness of dress that was not prevalent even 10 years ago. Then one or two could be noticed as dressing more neatly and in better taste than the others but

now it is the few who are not dressed so. Part of this change has come through the influence of the sewing departments of the missions. Those who attended learned to sew as all girls were taught sewing and in some of the schools the little boys were included also. The dress of the teachers has also had a great influence on the girls and mothers of the community.

Another marked change is the improvement in conduct of the people in public gatherings and their eagerness to attend lectures and programs that they think will help them. Their ideals have been raised and they are eagerly pressing forward for more knowledge. They choose ministers of a higher type to pastor their churches. They no longer are contented with the man who is not able even to read the Scriptures.

BETTER HABITS

In former years there was a great deal of trouble with students staying out on Friday and coming late on other days and then coming without books, pencils or paper. We note a great improvement along that line. The parents keep their children in school the five school days and start them early so they are here ahead of time even though some have walked from three to five miles. They also supply the children with the necessary books, etc., that they must have if they would succeed in their studies. The children also remain in school longer so they can get the last term's work and be promoted with their class.

STUDENTS WHO HAVE SUCCEEDED

Time and space will not permit to select all the individuals whom we

could name who have come through the Missions and have made a success along their particular line. We have in mind one especially who is now quite prosperous. He owns his farm and has built a pretty home. He and his wife are both products of the Mission and all of their children now attend Mission school. Another man has been a County U. S. Demonstrator

the greatest work of all—the work of a home-keeper and mother and they will make a greater success of this if they have come into contact with the Mission and its ideals.

SUCCESS THROUGH SACRIFICE

Now the way was not at all easy for these girls and boys to succeed. Many a time some were almost with-



PROMISING SCHOOL BOYS

of Agriculture and now has charge of the farms of one of the Missions. Another is in Y. M. C. A. work trying to carry out the principles learned here. Others are ministers of large churches, principals of schools or occupied with trades, etc., but wherever they are they do not forget the Mission training. The girls who have not taken up special work are doing

out clothing and their shoes were pieced with cardboard to keep their feet off the cold winter ground. The clothing sent in the barrels helped them too. One young man was the support of his mother but he caught the vision from the Mission and was determined to succeed. The girls had to work hard to make their way, rising early and doing many odd jobs

in order to get the money for their schooling. This was the experience of those who have gone out but the story of some who are here is almost the same. There were several girls here last year who worked during the school term in teachers' homes and during the vacation they worked in a large hospital taking only three or four days' vacation during the entire year. And these girls are some of the best students we have. They have caught the inspiration from those who have gone before. Some young men, too, are entirely dependent upon themselves for their education.

As the students go out from these schools, either as graduates or undergraduates, they show the confidence they have in these schools by recommending them to their friends and by

sending their own children back when they get old enough. In a few instances where the children are small they have fitted themselves to take positions in our schools in order thus to bring their children under the influence of their Alma Mater or sister school as well as to help other boys and girls.

Through these general results and specific examples we can readily see the answer to that question asked very often by some who do not know "Has it paid to invest money, time and energy in the Missions of the Black Belt?" Let each one answer this question for himself. We have the words of Paul, "I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase."

The Negro Spirituals

By J. Kelly Giffen, D. D. President of Knoxville College, Knoxville, Tenn.

TWO or three years ago when the Knoxville College quartet gave a concert in the Reid Memorial Church at Richmond, Indiana, the chairman who introduced the singers said "The Negro spirituals break every known law of music, but they are the most fascinating music in the world." Sad, weird, wild, haunting, ethereal, soul-stirring, soothing, comforting, touching are a fraction of the words that have been used to characterize these songs. Some of the terms seem almost contradictory, yet all are true.

The Negro spirituals must be carefully distinguished from another class of songs which go under the caption of "plantation melodies." We refer to such songs as "Swanee River" and

"Old Kentucky Home." These are far from being Negro spirituals. In the first place they are not spirituals as they embody no spiritual note. In the second place most of the familiar songs of that class were not composed by Negroes. Stephen Foster was the author of many of them. He was a white man, born on the banks of the Ohio. To be sure his music was suggested by the music of the Negro. He would attend the services in the Negro churches, listen to the songs of the colored people, and then go out from that atmosphere and produce his music. "Swanee River," however, comes a little closer to the colored people. A slave girl who was reared on a plantation by the Swanee river

in Florida, was sold by her master to a plantation in northern Alabama. She longed to go back to the scenes of her childhood and to her old associates. She gave expression to her feeling in a song about the old plantation by the Swanee river. She had a beautiful voice and created quite a sensation with her song throughout the whole community. Stephen Foster heard of it and traveled all the way from Louisville to Alabama to find it. With the song of this Negro slave girl as a basis he worked out the "Swanee River" so familiar to us all.

This type of song is not particularly popular with the colored people, and perhaps rightly so. As a rule they depict the life of the old slave days from the viewpoint of the master rather than the slave. The Negro can hardly be blamed for not keeping alive thoughts and sentiments touching the master's side of the proposition. The plantation owner and his family, for example, may have experienced a certain feeling of delight toward "Old Black Joe," who in the spirit of obeisance and humility and, perhaps, with a smile upon his face, went down into the fields of corn and cotton to make a living for them by the sweat of his brow, while at the same time the heart of Old Black Joe as typical of the whole race of slaves may have been bleeding with anguish and bowed down with the sorrows of a hopeless night. Let us not insist that our colored friends entertain us with such selections as "Old Kentucky Home" and "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny." For the most part these songs are not their direct production, nor do they express their

sentiment touching the life of their people in the days of slavery.

SPIRITUALS BORN NOT MADE

The Negro spirituals are the Negroes' own music. And they are, perhaps, the finest contribution the Negro has made to our American civilization.

What then are the Negro spirituals? In a word they are the echoes of the heart throbs of a people in bondage. They are the cry of souls bowed down with burdens too heavy to be borne. They are the religious expression of the feelings of a people longing for release from their present heritage. A few of them were exultations of joy, usually following some sudden religious experience. Most of them are the fruits of anguish which they carried in their hearts, the sufferings they endured, and the hope they had for a life in heaven after the sorrows of this world were at an end. They would some day lay their burdens down, and their poetic souls were confident that the worn-out shoes and the tattered rags would give way to golden slippers and a long white robe.

Whence did these songs come, and how did they originate? This question is not so easily answered. Like the wind and him that is born of the Spirit we know not exactly whence they came, and perhaps not whither they are going. They came unbidden. They were not made like a house or an automobile. They were born like a child; they grew like a morning glory. They sprang spontaneously from some strange seed planted in the souls of the people and watered by their tears. Perhaps not one of

Let De Heaven Light Shine On Me

(PLANTATION SONG.)

Solo.—Repeat *pp* after each verse. **Quartet.**

Let de Heav-en light shine on me,..... Let de Heav-en light

shine on me; For low is de way to de up-per bright world, Let de

Solo.

Heav-en light shine on me. 1. Oh,... brud-der, you mus' bow so
2. Oh,... sis-ter, you mus' bow so

Quartet.

low,..... Brudder, you mus' bow so low; For low is de
low,..... Sis-ter, you mus' bow so low; For low is de

way to the up-per bright world, Let de Heav-en light shine on me.
way to the up-per bright world, Let de Heav-en light shine on me.

3 Oh, preacher, you mus' bow so low,
Preacher, you mus' bow so low;
For low is de way to de upper bright world,
Let de Heaven light shine on me.

4 Class leader, you mus' bow so low,
Class leader, you mus' bow so low;
For low is de way to de upper bright world,
Let de Heaven light shine on me.

5 Oh, elder, you mus' bow so low,
Elder, you mus' bow so low;
For low is de way to de upper bright world,
Let de Heaven light shine on me.

6 Oh, deacon, you mus' bow so low,
Deacon, you mus' bow so low;
For low is de way to de upper bright world,
Let de Heaven light shine on me.

Courtesy of The Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Hampton, Va.

He is King of Kings

(A Plantation Song)

CHORUS.

He is King of kings, He is Lord of lords,

Musical notation for the first line of the chorus, featuring a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The melody is in G major, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes.

Je - sus Christ, the First and the Last, No man works like Him.

Musical notation for the second line of the chorus, continuing the melody from the first line. It ends with a double bar line and a fermata. The word "Fine." is written above the final note.

1. He built a plat - form in the air,.... No man works like Him.

Musical notation for the first verse, starting with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major. The lyrics are written below the notes.

He meets the saints from ev - ery - where, No man works like Him.

Musical notation for the second verse, continuing the melody from the first verse. It ends with a double bar line and a fermata. The word "D.C. for Chorus." is written above the final note.

2 He pitched a tent on Canaan's ground,
No man works like Him;
And broke the Roman kingdom down,
No man works like Him.—*Cho.*

3 I know that my Redeemer lives,
No man works like Him;
And by His death sweet blessings gives.
No man works like Him.—*Cho.*

Courtesy of The Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Hampton, Va.

them can be said to be *in toto* the production of any individual. All of them are the product of the passions of a race. It must be borne in mind that in the days of slavery only a very small percentage of the Negroes could read. As a consequence they had no printed literature, no hymn books. With nothing to interfere, the way was open for them to create their own songs, and this they did. With their musical inclinations as a basis, with the environment in which they lived as a motive, with the stories and phrases and people of the Bible as their guide, with an inborn gift of imagery to quicken their souls, they opened their mouths and sang. Perhaps some gifted leader under the inspiration of the moment would give voice to some sentiment of his heart, maybe catching some phrase reiterated by the minister or taking up some incident touching the common life of the community, then form his music according to the setting of his phrase or the emotion of the hour, while the congregation would be quick to catch up his sentiment and follow the strain. Thus a song would be created that would gather form and force by variation and modification as time passed.

AN AMERICAN PRODUCTION

Some attempts have been made to show that these songs are African rather than American. This is certainly a mistake. The musical propensities of the Negro no doubt came out of Africa, and the Negro music may possibly contain idioms that were imported. The slave carried in his bosom a melody across the sea. But as folk songs these Negro spirituals are the product of the social, po-

litical, and geographical life of America. As songs they are an American production, born in the heart of American slaves. They are purely American and besides, the only folk songs our country has produced.

LISTENING IN

The Negroes' native ingenuity in creating song to fit the occasion may be illustrated by the following story. A university dean had listened with interest to a road gang singing as they worked in front of his house. He sat down on the stone wall surrounding his yard to see if perchance he might take down some of the songs which he heard, the singing of which he very much enjoyed. He was thinking as he sat there how oblivious the workers were to his presence. They sang one song, the words of which he did not at first catch distinctly. But the melody of it was fascinating and he persisted in his efforts to comprehend the words. He was finally rewarded in his efforts. This is what he heard:

White man settin' on wall
White man settin' on wall
White man setin' on wall all day
long

Wastin' his time, wastin' his time.

That the dean arose at once and walked away was not an evidence that he was either disgusted or bored.

AN EXPRESSION OF FAITH

The religious songs of the Negro slaves are based on the simple theology that there is a heaven that follows this life, that the burdens and sorrows of this world would give way to unbounded joys and growing out of that which they were deprived of here below, that heaven was a place

of grandeur and glory in a material sense, and that to this land he would go, after crossing the cold, chilly waters of the Jordan in death, if he trusted his Jesus and had the grace of God in his heart. Sin, evil, and the devil were very vivid and very real. Judgment day was the destruction of the sinner and the glory of the righteous. In heaven he would meet his father and his mother, his brother and his sister. Jesus was his friend, evidenced by the fact that he spoke of him familiarly as "My Jesus." The Bible made a very distinct appeal to him. He found in it something that exactly fitted his needs. In his dark night he saw in the Bible a light that gave promise of a new day. Bible characters were personal friends of his. In Moses, Daniel, John, and Peter he saw fellow sufferers and he loved them. He had a keen sense of the eternal justice of God. He was confident, as Dr. DuBois says, "that somehow, somewhere, men will be judged by the quality of their souls rather than by the color of their skins." His songs were born of sorrow but not of despair, for he was sure that a just God ruled in the heavens and he would be rewarded in the next world for the sufferings of this world. He believed thoroughly in prayer, and was distressed when he "couldn't hear nobody pray." He anticipated and illustrated the present theory that all true religion is experience. He emphasized and exhibited the graces of humility, love, and forgiveness. It is worthy of mention that in the face of all he suffered at the hands of a ruling race in all these spirituals there is no hint of vindictiveness, no trace of the spirit of ha-

tred or revenge or unforgiveness toward his persecutors.

POPULARIZING THE SPIRITUALS

The Negro spirituals were not popularized until some time after the Civil War. They were neglected, misunderstood, and even ridiculed. Many of the Negroes themselves looked upon them as a relic of slavery to be forgotten as soon as possible with the institution that fostered them. We quote here Dr. Booker Washington in his book, "The Story of the Negro": "There was a time directly after the war, when the colored people, particularly those who had a little education, tried to get away from and forget these old slave songs. If they sang them still, it was about the home, and not in public. It was not until after years, when other people began to learn and to take an interest in these songs, that these people began to understand the inspiration and the quality that was in them."

To Fisk University of Nashville belongs the honor of giving these songs to the world, and of elevating them to the position which they hold in the hearts of the people of the world today. It was about the year 1870 that George L. White, treasurer of Fisk, began to instruct the colored people in music. He recognized at once the beauty of these songs and their power over the human heart. He organized a band of 11 musicians called the Fisk Jubilee Singers and started north. The orthodox church was skeptical. Many well meaning people doubted very seriously the propriety of connecting these songs with any thing religious or to have them sung in the churches. To many it

was like having minstrels in the house of God. After encountering many difficulties they reached Oberlin where the General Council of the Congregational Church was in session. They were there finally given permission by the authorities of the Council to sing one song. All unobserved they went into the gallery and sang "Steal Away to Jesus." The audience was spellbound. "Those who came to mock remained to pray." The congregation called for one song after another. Henry Ward Beecher was present and invited the singers to his church in Brooklyn. From that point the road was easier. They toured America, then Europe. They sang before kings and queens, and filled the largest halls in the world with multitudes who came to hear the sweetest music that ever fell from the lips of the human race. Songs that could so stir the people and at the same time be an uplift to their souls have a right to be classed among the world's finest music.

The best known and the most popular of all the spirituals is "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." The story of the origin of this song is interesting as told in the Tuskegee Year Book. A mother and her baby had been sold from a Tennessee plantation to go down into Mississippi which was to

her going to her death. To prevent separation from her child, she was about to throw herself and her babe into the Cumberland river. An aged woman, seeing the mother's intentions, laid her hands upon the shoulder of the distressed mother and said "Wait, let de Chariot of de Lord swing low, and let me take the Lord's scrolls and read it to you." The mother was so impressed with the words of the old slave woman that she gave up her design and allowed herself to be sold into Mississippi, leaving the baby behind. The incident passed from mouth to mouth and the song gradually took form.

These religious songs of an oppressed people were born in the heart and they speak to the heart. Like the babe that was born in the manger in Bethlehem there is something about them that appeals to the common soul of man. The Negro slave lived close to the soil, near to the heart of nature. He heard voices and caught messages that never come to ordinary men. To nobody else who ever lived was God more real or certain. These Negro songs in which the old slave breathed the deepest longings of his being to his God will never die as long as the human heart remains unchanged.

Hampton Institute has published a new edition of "Religious Folk Songs of the Negro."

"Every effort has been made in the preparation of this book to preserve the harmonizations and tunes as nearly as possible as they are sung by the Hampton students."

The two songs on pages 82 and 83 are taken from this book and are used by Courtesy of The Hampton Institute.

INDIAN MISSIONS

Who's Who

Sketches of Famous Indians, By Mrs. J. French Kerr, Secretary Indian Department of the Women's Board

RUTH MUSKRAT

Miss Ruth Muskrat, a full blooded Cherokee Indian from Oklahoma, an under-graduate at Kansas University, represented the Indian students at the conference of the World's Student Christian Federation in Peking, China, in April, 1922. She is a member of the General Committee of that Organization.

She was graduated from Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Massachusetts in 1925. She has had a very interesting life. At Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, Miss Muskrat was assigned to teaching in the eighth grade, but teaching is the smallest part of her work. She is making new and interesting entertainment for the girls, picnics, sewing parties, evening parties and lawn parties on the Mission lawns. A blessed and appreciated change for these girls from summers spent before in trailing after nomad parents from Indian dance to Indian dance.

In every way she has tried to pass on to members of her race all the best that she has found in college, and in her contacts with other races. "I knew what they wanted," she says, "because I had the same background as they." In giving these people what they needed, with no thought of self aggrandizement, Miss Muskrat did more than any other Mount Holyoke girl in the graduating class of 1925, to pass on to others the benefits of her education. She won the award

of the Morgenthau Prize and deserved it, and her work has just begun.

Some months ago Miss Muskrat was delegated to deliver to President Coolidge a copy of G. E. E. Lindquist's valuable book on the American Indian. Her speech on that occasion, as the representative of her race, was as follows:

"Mr. President:

This volume of, 'The Red Man in the United States,' is presented to the 'Great White Father' in behalf of the many Indian Students of America. It is a book which bears the best we have to offer, the story of our struggles and our tragedies, of our victories and our developments. The volume presents the results of an exhaustive investigation made under the auspices of what is now known as the 'Institute of Social and Religious Research.'

It gives for the first time a comprehensive account of the social, economic and religious conditions among my people, as they are today.

Back on the Cheyenne Reservation in Oklahoma, Indian women have worked with loving and painstaking care to make this gift worthy for the "Great White Father," weaving into this beaded cover the symbolic story of our race, the story of the old type Indian, greeting with the hand of friendship the founders of this great nation, and the story of the new Indian, emerging from his semi-barbaric state, tilling the soil, and build-



MISS RUTH MUSKRAT
Winner of Morganthau Prize 1926

ing for the citizenship under the guidance of the school.

Mr. President, There have been many discussions of the so-called Indian problems. May we who are the

Indian students of America, who must face the burden of that problem, say to you what it means to us? You know that in the old days there were mighty Indian leaders—men of

vision, of courage, and of exalted ideals. History tells us first of Chief Powhattan who met a strange people on the shores of his Country and welcomed them as brothers; of Massasoit, who offered friendship and shared his kingdom. There appeared another type of leader, the War Chief, fighting to defend his home and his people. The members of my race will never forget the name of King Philip, or Chief Joseph, or Tecumseh. To us they will always be revered as great leaders who had the courage to fight, campaigning for their honor, as martyrs on the soil of their fathers. Cornstalk, the great Red Jacket of the Senecas, and Segnoyah of the Cherokees were other noted leaders who have meant much in the development of my people. It was not accidental that these ancient leaders were great. There was some hidden energy, some great driving inner ambition, some keen penetration of vision and high ideals that urged them on.

What made the older leaders great still lives in the hearts of the Indian youths of today. The same potential greatness actuates the Indian students who must become the leaders of this new Era. A new trail must be found, for the old is not good to travel farther. We are glad to have it so. But these young leaders who must guide their people along new and untried paths have perhaps a harder task before them than the fight for freedom that our older leaders made. Ours must be the problem of leading this vigorous and by no means dying race of people back to their rightful heritage of nobility and greatness.

Ours must be the task of leading through those difficult stages of transition into economic independence, into more adequate expression of their arts, and into an awakened spiritual vigor. Ours is a vision as keen and as penetrating as any of old.

We want to understand and accept the civilization of the white man. We want to become citizens of the United States, and to have our share in the building of this great nation that we love. But we want also to preserve the best that is in our ancient civilization. We want to make our own unique contribution to the civilization of the world, to bring our own peculiar gifts to the altar of that great spiritual and artistic unity which such a nation as America must have. This, Mr. President, is the Indian problem which we, who are Indians, find ourselves facing. No one can find the solution but ourselves.

In order to find a solution we must have schools; we must have encouragement and help from our white brothers. Already there are schools, but the number is pitifully inadequate. Already the beginnings of an intelligent and sympathetic understanding of our needs and longings have been made through such efforts as this book represents. For these reasons today, as never before, the trail ahead for the Indian looks clear and bright with promise. But it is yet many long weary miles ahead until the end.

It is out of gratitude for the opportunities of education and culture which have been offered us by the interest of the White Man, and out

of our love for this nation to which we are eager to contribute our best, that this book is presented to the 'Great White Father' in behalf of, the Indian Students of America."

DR. SUSAN LEFLESHA PICOTTI

AMONG the first Indian physicians of national reputation was Dr. Susan LeFlesha Picotti, who was graduated from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia. She was graduated in the eighties and for years was at the head of the Presbyterian Hospital for her own tribe, the Omahas. Dr. Picotti died on September 15, 1915.

DR. CHARLES ALEXANDER EASTMAN

Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman, American homeopathic physician, and author born in Redwood Falls, Minnesota, in 1858. His father was a Santee-Sioux Indian, Many Lightnings (Jacob Eastman), and his mother a half breed Sioux, Nancy Eastman. He was graduated at Dartmouth Col-

lege in 1887, and at the Boston University School of Medicine in 1890. He married Elaine Goodale in 1891. She was an American Poetess born at Sky Farm, Mount Washington, Berkshire County, Mass., October 9, 1863. Elaine was appointed a teacher of the Indians in the Hampton Institute in 1883, and in 1886 government teacher at White River Camp, Dakota. It was said of her, "that she sang of nature; the seasons; the flowers; the clouds, and the sunshine; and the birthdays of her parents and her friends. Her poems had the air of natural effusion." Dr. Eastman served as government physician at Pine Ridge Agency, 1890 to 1893, being Indian secretary of the Y. M. C. A., 1894 to 1897. He acted as attorney for the Santee Sioux at Washington, 1897 to 1900, later becoming government physician at Crow Creek, South Dakota. He published "An Indian Boyhood or Recollections of a Wild Life," in 1901, but is now a well known lecturer and author.

Christmas With The Rainy Mountain Indians

By Bruce Kinney D. D. Secretary American Baptist Home Missionary Society

I REACHED Rainy Mountain Church December 20, and found that already there were many camps in operation, so we began services that night. There had been an unfortunate difference of opinion between two factions of the church and many sharp and bitter words had been said. At first the attendance was rather light and some of the campers would not speak to each other. This made it exceedingly difficult to get a start in spiritual things. "All same white church."

Though we labored and prayed, the chariot wheels dragged until Saturday night, when after the sermon Missionary F. L. King hit right from the shoulder and said that the spiritual work of the church would be impossible until the members got right with their God and each other. Chairs were lined up facing the congregation and the people invited to "take the chair," indicating their desire for reconciliation and their forgiveness of any fancied wrongs. Soon they began to come. There was a

great melting time and many touching scenes were enacted, some of which only God fully understands. A beautiful Indian girl of about 12 who had been in the choir left the platform and walked through the throng of singing Indians and after a bit came back to the chairs literally dragging by the hand an uncle with whom she had lived since the death of her mother. They sat down together. Some of us white folks felt moved to take the chairs with the rest of them. At length more than 50 people were there. Practically all the leaders of both sides were there. Finally after 11 o'clock the meeting was dismissed. It was an anxious night and we wondered if it were not too good to be true.

Christmas was a great day. At noon there was a great dinner. Talk about tables groaning with their burden of good things! Well, we had them, an abundance of everything that the Indians like and many of the good things they and their children have learned to like from the white people. Everything was clean and sanitary, in strange contrast to the heathen camps.

The great Christmas celebration had been set for 6:30. A giant tree had been procured, and it was literally loaded; and then two or three double wagon boxes of presents were piled around its foot. No need to send out the camp caller to urge the people to be present now. Within 10 minutes after the doors were opened every seat was taken and many were standing. Probably at least 300 Indians were inside the walls. First, there was a deeply spiritual service of song and prayer. Among others Chief

Gotebo, an old-time warrior, and according to his statements, one of the cruelest, spoke and said:

"I was one of the first to start in the Jesus Road and I find it good. I was the first to act the part of Santa Claus. I am now old and my sight is almost gone and my mind is not good at times, but I am still in the way and I want all of our people, old and young, to follow this Road. When I got my cane (holding it up) it was very crooked. It seemed as though it would be impossible to ever make it straight. But I took strong hold of it and worked hard over it and after a time it became straight as you see it. It was just that way that the missionaries and Jesus took hold of me and made me straight. If He could do it for me He can do it for anybody."

Then they had their time of paying the last of the pledges made last Christmas and making new pledges for the coming year. These pledges were for various purposes, including paying off the \$500 contingent mortgage held by The American Baptist Home Mission Society. "We can do it now," they said, "and release this money for the use of some other Indian field which has not been helped as we have been." This is decidedly *not* "all same white man."

There were pledges for the missionary objects of the various societies. Most of these pledges were designated for the Society or object where each wanted his gift to go. A keeper of the old Kiowa heathen gods and a heathen worshiper of Peyote each made liberal pledges to the work and asked for prayers. This whole

period presented one of the finest illustrations of real "hilarious giving" that it has ever been my privilege to witness.

I had presented to them the remarkable and providential opening for us to enter the work among the Indians of Shasta County, California, and some pledged to that. A woman came forward with bills in her hand and speaking in Kiowa and pointing to me said: "Two years ago at the Association my father Two Bits was very sick and I asked this man to pray for him. My father got well and is still strong. I want to give this five dollars to Mr. Kinney for some comfort in his travels that he would not otherwise have. But he can do with it what he pleases." It is needless to say that my heart was greatly touched. Of course, I told the clerk that I could not take it and immediately passed it into the Shasta Fund. For all purposes there were brought to the table in cash or pledges \$673.50. And on the previous Saturday night they had given about fifty dollars in cash and a great pile of various things for the new buildings of the Orphanage at Bacone.

During all this time there were pledges also of beef animals for the Christmas gathering of 1923. This afforded an occasion for much fun. Thirteen fat beeves and one hog were pledged. The old Indians would shout for joy at the announcement of each beef. Old Gotebo arose and though convulsed with laughter so that he could hardly speak said: "Where there is a beef carcass you will find the old buzzards." He closed with the sound a buzzard makes at a car-

cass. This brought forth shouts of laughter.

Another statement that brought down the house was made about Chief Big Tree. The speaker said: "Some years ago Big Tree was helping the agent at a 'Beef Issue' and the agent was called away, leaving Big Tree in sole authority for one day. The agent had hardly gotten out of sight when Big Tree issued permission to the Indians to kill as many beeves as they wished. Now he is doing the same thing here. He wants the Kiowa to give away all our beeves and we won't have any more." This, too was greeted with shouts of laughter, Big Tree joining most heartily in it.

There is an ever increasing number of young men and women who dress, talk and act like our own white young people. We were greatly cheered by the presence of something like 20 students from Bacone who are enthusiastic about the work and prospects of that institution. These and other students returned from different institutions are very much interested in the modern school and college games. Some of them came to Pastor King and asked if they might put up baskets and have a basketball game. He said that he would be glad but that some of the deacons had objected in the past and that they would have to get the permission of these objectors. One of the Indian boys then said: "Come on, fellows, right here is where we tackle those hard-boiled deacons." They went and presented their case in a manly way and won the permission.

After this came the giving of presents. At first there were "joke gifts"

presented with scintillating wit by Saneco. A young man living alone is presented with a new mop and some cleanser. Mrs. Goomda presented the writer with a shield made true in every detail to the old Indian war-path form, with this note on it: "It made me feel uneasy all of a sudden in the way you travel around. So I thought I would give you this shield to protect you in times of danger." Accompanying this gift was also a box from the same family containing a pair of silk hose and a beautiful silk necktie.

Those who think that the Indians are stolid and unemotional and never

laugh or cry would have had their preconceived notions rudely shattered by the shrieks of laughter, the crying of babies, the pungent and witty thrusts. There were tears of emotion, too, as gifts of thanksgiving were made because of answered prayers or in memory of those gone on before.

Last there followed the giving of personal gifts one to another. The proportion of really useful and valuable gifts was fully up to what you would find at one of our celebrations. The giving of gifts consumed the time until 12:15 in the morning, when I pronounced the benediction and we went to our beds, tired but happy.

"The Indian And His Songs"

"These songs are like the wild flowers that have not yet come under the transforming hand of the gardener:"

By Mrs. Jeannette C. Alter, Oklahoma City, Okla.

SONG—ITS UNIVERSAL PLACE IN THE LIFE OF THE INDIAN

TO WATCH the face of an American Indian, apart from his native environment, the casual observer might find little indication of music in his soul, yet the vocal and instrumental music of a tribe were an essential element and like their religion, entered into the woof and warp of their social and individual life.

The old-time tribal songs were not merely a pastime and pleasure exercise, but were sung with a definite purpose in view and as a means to attain definite results: a medium of communication between themselves and an unseen power.

The Indian hunter sang as he fared forth in search of food and clothing for his family; before going into battle against some hostile tribe, in sick-

ness, in love, in planting and harvest time; indeed it voiced every appeal of the Indian heart.

NATIVE AMERICAN MUSIC NOT USUALLY APPRECIATED NOR UNDERSTOOD BY THOSE OF OUR OWN RACE

Chiefly because it is "Hel-u-e-ma" (different) from our conception of what music really is, in contrast to that of our Indian neighbors.

Years ago, into our Omaha Mission School, came the agent and an inspector, recently appointed. After the usual preliminaries, he asked the pupils, "Have your people music, do they sing?" "They do," answered one of the larger boys, and here I shall quote from this Indian boys account of the "inspection," as given later in his interesting little book, "The Middle Five."

"I wish you would sing an Indian song for me," continued the man, "I never heard one." There was some hesitancy, then a loud, clear voice, close to me, broke into a Victory song. Before a bar was sung another voice took up the song from the beginning, as is the custom among the Indians, then the whole school fell in and we made the room ring. We understood the song and knew the emotion of which it was the expression; we felt as we sang, the patriotic thrill of a victorious people who had vanquished their enemies; but the men shook their heads, and the inspector said, "That's savage! That's savage! They must be taught *music*."

Then followed this author's recital, in his inimitable style, of the "White-chests singing lessons"; his difficulty in assigning "parts," since the Indians always sang in unison; the natural soprano, contralto, tenor and bass moving along in octaves and the different qualities of tone in the voices bringing out the overtones with harmonic effect.

Years ago, when missionaries among the Omaha Indians in Nebraska, we had an amusing incident, which showed how an "unsophisticated ear" failed to distinguish mere sounds from Indian music.

One night, at the Omaha Mission, the girls' matron came to my sister's door, calling excitedly: "I hear an Indian flute down at the spring and I just know its some young Indian after one of our girls. There was a moment's quiet listening, then I heard sister's amused assurance to the disturbed matron, that it was only the ancient water wheel, waking to the night wind from the river; and this

good lady was not unlike others of her kind, to whom Indian music is but a discordant screech because different from our own so-called civilized musical standards. Indian songs are not random shoutings, but have a definite meaning for those who sing and for those who listen with unprejudiced, open heart.

NATIVE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF OUR INDIANS

These are the flute, whistle, drum and rattle (for which space here is too limited to permit description).

They were their own handiwork, beautifully carved and decorated; always present at their ceremonial feasts, where they marked the perfect rythm of the music. I have seen a large assembly of Indians seated in a lodge, swaying as one body to the beating of the drum; even the little tots, scarcely more than babes, entering into the spirit of the music in the rhythmic movements of their bodies.

PSALM-SINGING INDIANS

While at the Warm Spring Mission, we were pleased to find an immediate point of contact with our Christian Indians in the songs of worship. Old Tullux, of sacred memory, said, speaking for the others, "These songs are prayers: in our old life, we talked to the Great Spirit in song, but these prayers from God's Word are better." And memory goes back over the long stretch of years, to the little church on the Warm Spring Reservation; the reverent waiting of the people; Blind Beechkin, with uplifted, rapt expression, following the words of the psalm which he has interpreted. Many of the older members could not voice the

song with their lips, but sang in their hearts, keeping time with a slight swaying of their bodies. Can you not imagine their response to the words, "Lord bless and pity us: Shine on us with Thy face." Or, "O let all that trust Thy care, ever glad and joyful be!"

Some glad day, please God, these and other new-born Indian souls, with all, from every nation, who have been saved and cleansed through the blood of the atoning Christ, shall sing with one tongue, the praises of Him who hath called us all out of darkness into His marvelous light.

The Struggle of a Soul

By Rev. W. A. Matthews, Simnasho, Ore.

ON THE Warmspring reservation about 10 miles south of the Simnasho Mission a range of mountains stretches east and west called the Mutton Mountains.

Years ago an Indian known as Kishwalk used these mountains as a summer range for his flock of sheep, hence the name. Kishwalk was an earnest Christian.

Kishwalk died some years ago possessed of considerable property. His only living heirs were nieces and nephews.

It is of one of these heirs, Charles Kishwalk, that I wish to write. Charles Kishwalk was born in 1897, 30 years ago. He was a graduate of Chemawa Indian School, returning from that institution in 1915. Although but 18 years of age he was married a few weeks after his return, to May Queahpama, a girl of 16 years.

I well remember the wedding day, a beautiful Sabbath in June. The ceremony was performed in the church immediately after the regular preaching service. Almost 100 Indians were present. The groom looked attractive indeed in his suit of blue serge and clean linen. Not less attractive was the bride with her

jet-black, braided hair, bright dress, beaded moccasins, and silk shawl.

What a bright future seemed to stretch out before this young couple. Charles was intelligent, polite and happy. He had inherited from the uncle a herd of cattle which had increased now to almost two hundred head. He had inherited some farm land also. In addition he had a bank account, money that had accumulated from sales of cattle made while he had been in school.

His wife, while not so well educated, was nevertheless bright, intelligent and winsome.

Before long rumors reached us that Charles had learned some things at school that were not included in the curriculum. It was said that he gambled, employing the most modern methods of the white man, and that the stakes were frequently large. It was also rumored that he drank. We saw that he travelled with very questionable company and that his herd of cattle was disappearing as if by magic. His farmland did not yield because of poor farming or no farming at all.

In 1921 during our evangelistic

meetings Charles attended day after day. He was made the subject of special prayer. He was approached by personal workers and at last yielded, making a very positive confession of his faith in Christ.

Things ran along smoothly for some time. His wife was not a Christian, however, nor were any of the members of his family or his wife's family Christians.

The following year during the Fourth of July celebration Charles donned his war-bonnet and feathers and took part in one of the war-dances. How delighted were the whites who viewed that dance! But we turned away sick at heart because we knew from bitter experience that no Christian Indian could go back to those old pagan customs and still hold to his faith in Christ. Despite our efforts and our prayers Charles fell by the wayside.

During our evangelistic meetings of May, 1924, Charles rededicated his life to Christ. As he stood in the meeting that night he said he had gone back because of the ridicule of his own people. That night his wife confessed Christ and the following Sabbath was baptized.

What a struggle went on in the life of that young man God only knows. Temptation from within, temptation and ridicule from without assailed his very soul. I do not know how much victory was won nor do I know what defeat was suffered. I do know the fight was on and I do know that he struggled as best as he could.

He left the reservation and became a resident of the fish camp at Celilo, 70 miles from here.

I visited him there in May of last year. As I talked to him he told me something of his struggles again, something of his temptations and his failures. It was the last chance I ever had to offer advice or help. In the following October while fishing he fell into the mighty waters of the Columbia River and was carried away to his death.

Then one day last May the body was found. Friends made the trip out and one afternoon while one of our evangelistic meetings was in progress the remains were carried past the church on the return trip. The next day I preached the funeral sermon. The church was filled. I spoke sympathetically yet plainly of this young man's struggle after eternal life, of the ridicule that had been heaped upon him by some of his own people, and of the accountability of each one of us before God for the influence we had exerted upon his life. This service took the hour that had been announced for one of the evangelistic meetings. I couldn't help but think of the presence of this young man in other evangelistic meetings, and I couldn't help but think of the inadequacy of any program made for the Indians that gave no thought to their spiritual development.

Charles had been educated. He had inherited property. But of what avail had these been in the great struggle of a soul.

Warm Spring Evangelistic Meetings

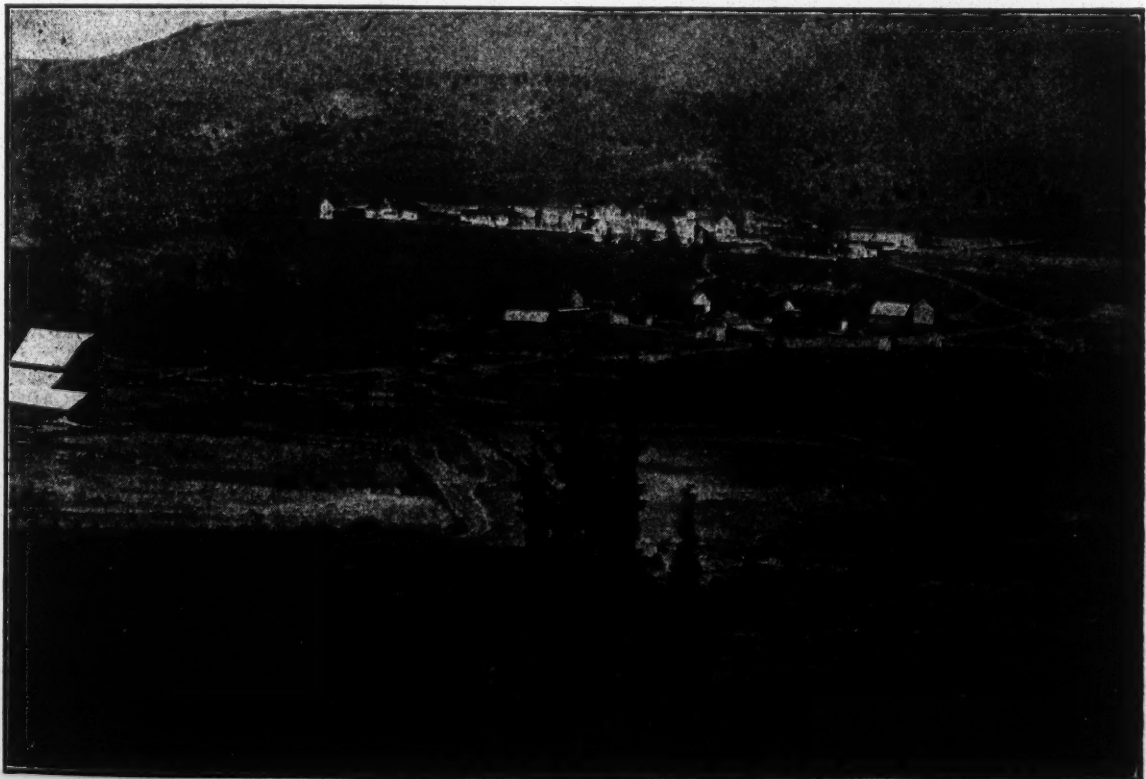
By Rev. R. H. Barr, Ph. D.

IT IS generally admitted by well informed Christians that evangelistic services are necessary to the spiritual well being of the Christian Church. This fact seems to hold good in Indian missions as well as elsewhere. We have to judge things by results to some extent in the Indian work as is done among other races. For "by their fruits ye shall know them." We do not believe that all professions among Indians mean conversions any more than among white people. Many seem to be diverted for the time being, from the error of their way.

Since we came to this reservation we have had four series of Evangelistic meeting with a goodly number of professions. Some of these have apparently denied the faith and gone back to the old life. Others through

persecution and ridicule have ceased to openly profess themselves Christians. We believe some were genuinely converted. Several have died. But not one of these who lived here where we could visit them, were afraid to die. They departed this life trusting in Christ.

Last May we had evangelistic meetings at Simnasho and here at the agency for about 5 days at each place. Through a misunderstanding of when the Nez Perce Presbyterian ministers could hold meetings at Simnasho some time was lost in getting the Indians gathered together for the meetings. Just after the meetings were started the body of a young man, Charles Kishwalk, who was drowned in the Columbia River some months before, but just found, was brought back to



WARM SPRING AGENCY, WARM SPRING, OREGON

the reservation. Charles was quite well liked. Many deserted the meetings and went to the home where the body was taken. The second day afterwards the body was brought to the agency and funeral services held in our church where Rev. W. A. Matthews of Simnasho preached a very practical and appropriate sermon to a large audience. He graphically presented facts how he and Charles had had many conversations concerning the Christian life and the necessity of accepting Christ and living for him. Rev. Mr. Dickson related how last year he had talked with Charles and urged him to accept Christ and witness for him before his people. It was certainly providential that Mr. Dickson had such an opportunity to urge all to accept Christ. He improved the opportunity well. No one says that Charles did not make his peace with God. But he doubtless would have lived a different life if he had received some encouragement and support instead of ridicule from his own people. The same truth applies to others.

Monday afternoon came and no one had confessed Christ. Before closing the service we had a solemn consecration meeting.

That night when an invitation was given to accept Christ and start the new life, several young people came forward. After being questioned and appropriate advice given them they took their seats. After a second invitation was given over 50 came forward. On Tuesday night the meetings closed, 75 having come forward. Fifteen of these were reprofessions.

Some of the number were quite young. One little boy, whose mother

is one of our Christian Indians, told me the following as his reason for coming forward: He knew that he is a sinner and that Jesus is the Saviour of sinners. He loves Jesus and accepts Him as his Saviour. A boy who has grasped such facts has in a nutshell the whole plan of sal-



Nine girls who united with the church at Warm Springs, Ore.

vation.. We could not help but feel sorry that the young people would in a few days, at the close of school, go to their homes for the summer, where they would doubtless be subjected to ridicule for what they had done.

The vacation will be a testing time. We hope that the large majority of them will be back in school next fall and be willing to "stand up for Jesus." Let us remember them in our prayers. From these young people we hope to have many faithful witnesses for Christ.

Dr. Carrie M. Buchanan

A SKETCH

By Miss Rena Hogg



DR. CARRIE M. BUCHANAN
Missionary to Egypt 1893-1927

TO write for the public eye about one's friend is always an ordeal, for in a friend one is ever aware of much "that the world's coarse thumb and finger failed to plumb," much that is unsuitable for print or cannot

be packed into words. One lays down one's pen at the last with a sense of failure and utter inadequacy.

It was in 1893 that Carrie Buchanan first landed in Egypt, an eager, gracious, attractive personality,

ready to attempt with enthusiasm any task allotted her and to concentrate upon it all her energies with a faith that counted on success.

When she visited us in Edinburgh on her outward journey, she impressed us in a way that led us all to prophesy that she and my sister in Assiut were predestined to a David and Jonathan friendship. Events confirmed the prophecy, and consequently when I followed her to Egypt three years later she and I had the peculiar experience of knowing each other already with extraordinary intimacy while meeting almost as strangers in regard to all that was external and unimportant.

FIRST DAYS

Though still a new missionary busy with Arabic study she had already made her mark on such work as was committed to her, and had revealed that spirit of fearless adventure that made her so potent a factor in any work undertaken, rendering it impossible to keep her within the ordinary rules that control any large organization. No picture of her would be lifelike that left out of sight this feature of her character. She had a forward gaze that focussed on the desirable and the ideal, looking beyond and ignoring all intervening difficulties or objections. "If the thing is good it must be attainable." So spake her faith, and instinctively she forged ahead regardless of her restrictions.

After a year in Cairo she was moved to Assiut, and the succeeding spring she was left for ten weeks in charge of the Girls' Boarding School to enable my sister to spend five months furlough in Scotland. She

immediately started the teachers' business meeting which has ever since been part of its weekly routine and is now a normal feature of most school-life. Long letters to my sister revealed from week to week the hidden rocks and currents amongst which she had thus unsuspectingly launched her barque and of which her more cautious friend had been vividly aware. But she proved equal to her task and made of her interim management a success.

A TEACHER OF BOYS

When I arrived in 1896, one year later, she had had charge during the interval of certain classes in Assiut College, and remained one of its first women instructors. Here her history was the same. Her enthusiasm translated for her liberally the content of every appointment. Asked to look in upon the College dining room at the dinner hour with a view to greater orderliness she hailed the opportunity with joy and delighted her Egyptian colleagues by immediately launching various schemes for improvement. It was her eager zeal that gave birth to the Students' Temperance Society, and finding English Language one of her subjects for teaching, she was presently leading the students into organizing also the English Literary Society which has since enlarged to four branches whose public contest has become an annual feature of Assiut social life.

While she was regardless of the drain upon her strength of these voluntary additions to her responsibilities, her friends were looking on with some anxiety. For a while she was able to deceive herself and them

by her amazing rallying powers. Each week by Friday afternoon, white and spent but with cheerful spirit, she would drag herself slowly up our long stair seeming to have reached her last ounce of physical strength. Yet by Sabbath afternoon she was ready for an arduous trip by donkey to some neighbouring village in whose work the students were interested, and when after her return she at length emerged from her bedroom, renewed in daintiness from head to foot and ready for our evening service, not a man she met but would declare with conviction, "Why, Miss Buchanan, how well you are looking."

Every memory of her in those days breathes intensity, radiance, buoyancy and warmth.

But the break that we feared came and after fighting long against the inevitable, she was forced to return home at the close of the summer of 1899, a year before her furlough was due.

While there she was faced with a momentous decision of which she told us nothing till she was safe once more on Egypt's shores. Her physician had urged her to remain in America, declaring that her life depended upon it. Should she return to her work she could not live more than half a dozen years. I cannot remember that the question involved her in doubts. She was always ready for risks. Six years in Egypt would be worth twenty-six at home. She came back, and twenty-six more years of life were still hers!

A NEW VENTURE

On her return in January of 1901 she settled in Luxor to take charge

of an elementary but flourishing day-school of eighty girls. Immediately things began to happen. Numbers increased, new premises were rented, and almost before the Mission realized whither events were tending we had a third boarding school for Egyptian girls! By summer her building project had received the approval of the Women's Board and promise of their financial support, plans had been drawn out and everything was under way.

Luxor Boarding School occupies a substantial, attractive and convenient building, standing on the road to ancient Karnak, and surrounded by garden and playground. It was into its creation and development that Miss Buchanan put the best years of her prime, and to the Upper Country it will always stand as her memorial. She struck one as peculiarly the pulse of the whole organism, connected vitally with every part of its management and winning personal loyalty from its humblest helper. She seemed to be in intimate touch with each pupil, her character, her history and her friends all known to her. And beyond the bounds of the school her influence was equally far-reaching. Its doors were invitingly open. Visitors came and went—men and women, high and low, Egyptian, American and English. To each she gave herself without hurry and without apparent limit. She helped pastors to open girls' schools in their villages. She constrained parents to let their precious daughters go out as teachers. She introduced tourists to the real Egypt, interesting them in its regeneration by the witchery of her personal enthusiasm.

No one will ever know how much of her own money and the money of her anonymous friends went into the institution in addition to what was tabulated in Mission accounts. For she was apt to see as a necessity what others at the time considered only a desirable extra, and the fact that Mission and Board had not funds available to grant her request was to her a call to secure it by other means.

Rarely were her schemes blocked for lack of funds, and I doubt if she was ever forced to refuse a poor child on whose entrance she had set her heart. Always someone felt impelled to help her. Luxor provided special advantages in this respect because of its great attractiveness to the leisured and moneyed world. But there was a magic in herself. Her certainty of the valuableness and attainableness of her dreams enchained the listener, her unwavering faith infected him, and something spiritually appealing in her, enhanced by her smallness and apparent fragility, awoke an instinctive impulse to help and to shelter her from disappointment.

I recall an interesting example of her compelling power. While I was in America in 1910 Mrs. John A. Wilson was filling temporarily Mrs. Campbell's place on the Board during the latter's absence in Egypt and India, and I had the joy of her friendship. Miss Buchanan was in America at the same time. She had special desires in her heart that Mrs. Wilson knew the Board could not grant and she was dreading Miss Buchanan's meeting with the Board

which must bring her the disappointment of refusal.

It may have been later by letter that I heard of this. It was certainly by letter that I heard at last the unexpected denouement of the dreaded interview. "She came. We saw. She conquered," wrote Mrs. Wilson, and then gave a graphic description of the little figure in their midst. "She had us all in her hand," she said. "We would have given her the moon had she asked for it! And now she has sailed for Egypt taking with her" (there followed a list of her acquisitions ending in an unexpected climax) " . . . and her American teacher and her cooking-stove and her *windmill*!" (The windmill was to pump water to the level of the roof, thus solving the problem of water-supply, but its subsequent history belied its promise.) "I am afraid," continued Mrs. Wilson meditatively, the influence of the magician withdrawn, "I am afraid we did wrong!"

TRANSPLANTED

The years in Luxor in spite of countless difficulties, physical disabilities and constant over-strain had been very happy ones. Miss Buchanan confidently expected to end her days in the school of her love. But in the summer of 1912 there occurred one of the tragedies so frequent in Mission history. Miss Kyle had been to Cairo Girls' College what Miss Buchanan had been in Luxor. Her sudden death on June 5th, 1912, left the Mission to face a difficult problem. Miss Buchanan was torn up from Luxor to fill the vacancy. "Torn up" is the correct term, for her roots had spread deep and wide and each

individual tendril seemed a separate pain. I was absent at the time and even as a memory of the past she could not dwell upon the experience, but the word she used for it was "death." She thought that a part of her very being would never live again.

Entering on her new sphere she must have felt like a bird accustomed to soar high and breast the breeze now condemned to walk the ground with clipped wings. For she came from an institution that was her own self-expression into one already formed, where she had hundreds of faces to learn and must be instructed in every rule and regulation, the one outsider in the great organization.

She felt however the honor of the call and one so responsive to great possibilities could not but thrill to the thought of what the College could achieve for Egypt's womanhood. She set her will loyally to the new task. I was a stranger to the inner workings of the College until after she had become its Principal and cannot tell what developments were due to her initiative. But I know what thought she gave to its religious possibilities and how anxious she was that the pace of its intellectual advance should never be forced at the expense of the spiritual. I know also that as soon as personal contacts increased the girls felt how individual was her interest in them, and to talk with pupils of those days or with their parents is to feel that something of her spell still abides with them.

But an element had entered into her life that not even her brave spirit and indomitable will could avail to

control. How soon she guessed the nature of the disease that was eating at her vitals no one will ever know, nor at what exact point constant pain became her daily portion. She was too fastidious to be rapid except in decisions and in work of the pen. But she had consistently made up for this lack by adding to each long day, hours that were due to the night. I never knew anyone who could work so hard on so little sleep. Now with pain as her companion this power was tried to the utmost. She strove to conceal what she was enduring, a course partly instinctive, partly due to the fear that did her friends know her secret they would insist on her going home. If ever some circumstance gave one a fleeting glimpse behind the veil she drew it close and tried to erase the impression made.

Forced one summer to put herself in a physician's hands, she was hurried home for a major operation, but eager for work returned, as her friends thought, too soon and when at length in 1916 it became impossible even for her to conceal longer the seriousness of her condition we had practically to coerce her into laying her burden down.

I need not dwell on the story of the next five years. Its details are best known to her friends at home. Faith and courage and sweetness were in every message that crossed the seas. To us there was something of miracle in the steadfastness of her belief, through operation after operation and through disappointments and reverses, that in spite of all in God's good time she would recover and return to her beloved Egypt. But she had to accept as final the denial of

her desires before they were granted.

It was in London in 1922 that we next met. She was on her way to Egypt overflowing with gratitude and radiant with hope. She was going to be so "good" now! She had learned her lessons; with Mrs. Reynolds as companion and helper she could be at least a half-missionary and be a little *useful*, it mattered not where or how! Institutional work was no longer possible but her appointment was so liberal in its wording that otherwise she was free to make her own choices amongst many possible activities.

Miss Balleny has written of the variety and fulness of the life in Cairo on which she now entered. That vivid picture must suffice. Her heavy physical trials she bore without a murmur—indeed so bravely that few realized how she was handicapped. The final break came in the autumn of 1925. For months she had realized that she was playing a losing game, and that when next she went to America she would return no more. But she had not been prepared for anything so immediate. The dismantling of the new home that was so much an expression of her whole personality made a strangely moving setting for the heroic little figure, bent and weak and suffering, who yet held the reins in her white hands to the last. None who saw her can ever forget that picture. There was no bitterness. She had accepted God's will without reserve.

THE LAST JOURNEY

And the final morning a strange strength came and the invalid was hidden from sight in the traveller who set out, all her appointments so

perfect, on a journey that was to our vision a journey towards death, to her at the best a journey to renewed pain of a nature she had tested and that memory had left vivid, and to a long and losing conflict with a disease that must conquer in the end. She stood at the train window, flowers around her and friends, the platform crowded in her honour and her eyes shining not with tears but with a great gratitude. God had granted her four full extra years and they had been years of reaping. Through her welfare work she had been able to make known the gospel of Jesus Christ to more women, poor and neglected, than she had been able to reach in all her life before. What she had printed was being scattered and would continue to be read by Egypt's daughters no matter what befell its writer. And before her in the mixed character of her assembled friends, representing as they did varieties of station, varieties of nationalities and varieties of interest, educational, religious and secular, there was the proof of the range of the influence she had been privileged to wield. Porters and news venders may have wondered at so unusual a concourse, no reason apparent but the departure of a little woman. Just one little woman, but she had lavished on Egypt great gifts and a great love, and Egypt did well to do her honour. She had fought a good fight and done a great work, and the joy of it she carried through her pain.

If pain like work is "opportunity," if for the fulfilment of God's purpose of redemption the world needs

that our sufferings be added to the sufferings of Christ, we need not wonder that 18 months had still to pass before she won her final release. When news came that she at last had reached that bourne one had a pic-

ture of her still with shining eyes, her spirit faring forth into the world of the free,—radiant, adventurous, ready for new endeavours where His servants serve Him day and night and where there is no more pain.

* * *

Dr. Carrie Buchanan--An Impression

BY MISS E. R. BALLENY

I ALWAYS thought Dr. Carrie Buchanan one of the most remarkable women of her day. Though she accepted my friendship with a sweetness that won my heart I was not sufficiently intimate with her to write from all-round knowledge of her life. But she fascinated me. To visit her in her home meant to be surrounded with all sorts of charming influences. One's body was comforted with the fastidious details of a well furnished house. One's mind was entertained with interesting books and magazines lying to hand and above all with conversation that was sure to touch with first-hand knowledge on important topics of the moment.

Dr. Buchanan was built for power. She had the instincts of a statesman. Her aims, her plans, her courage were all on the large scale. It was natural to her to gather power and use it—to spend money freely and get much out of it—to know important people and use them to help great movements. At her tea table you would meet one day a charming girl who had been a student in a missionary college and was now launched on a law career and thrilling with the excitement of having won her first important case. Another day it would

be a woman writer whose ideas were helping to shape the New Egypt. Or you would be taken to call on a leading Egyptian lady for whose assistance in Christian social service Miss Buchanan was anxious, and would find the conversation swinging apparently of its own accord in the desired direction and plans being evolved for the co-operation of East and West in the work of the Kingdom.

One got glimpses of a character that wrought with power and tenacity in all directions. You knew she had spent many years in hospital, had had a dozen surgical operations, was working under severe physical handicaps, and towards the end of her life astonished even her physicians by the way in which she set illness and pain at defiance in order to prolong her working days. You heard of her labors in the large schools and colleges of the American Mission, at Luxor, at Cairo, at Assiut. You saw her capacity for literary work—for absorbing ideas, for gathering information, for writing. You felt her social gifts—the ease with which she moved in society, the skill with which she organized her thronging engagements, the charm of her individual attention to a guest.

The piquancy of the contrast between her outer and inner personalities helped, perhaps, to emphasize the impression she made. She was little of stature, scrupulous in her toilet, unusually feminine in her love of dainty details. Yet her outlook and policy were what is generally called "masculine" in their sweep and ambition. She aroused the impulse to protect and help her as the weaker vessel, but it was really she who set others to work and urged them forward by her commanding spirit.

I saw her missionary ideals reflected with special clearness in the Welfare Work to which she gave much of her last strength. When I was her guest at Cairo she was organizing two centres in that city and with her I visited one of them. I can see the dainty little figure in its summer attire, simple as befitted her errand, but immaculate, from the white shoes she so carefully guarded from every stain on the road to her snowy handkerchief. I can hear the exultation with which she described the house to which she and her helpers had been guided—the only one in the district that possessed running water. I recall the smiles and greetings exchanged between her and the poor people of that Moslem quarter where at first scowls and suspicion used to follow her. The welcome she

gave to the poor women who brought their children to be treated for sore eyes, sore heads and other ailments was not one whit behind, in its affectionate warmth, the greetings she bestowed on the wealthy Egyptian ladies who had been her pupils at the mission college. The zeal with which she explained to these mothers the purpose of Welfare Work was the same as that with which she called forth the co-operation of their cultured sisters. One came very near to Miss Buchanan's heart here. The perception that selected Welfare Work as one of the great missionary influences of the future, the organizing ability and employment of social contacts that enlisted from the first the help of progressive Egyptian women and made it their effort as well as hers, the passionate love of the work that made her endure great pain and run terrible physical risks sooner than give it up, the joy that would rise triumphant out of bitter suffering when on her deathbed she got messages telling of its continuance and progress—all these were typical characteristics of this wonderful woman, and in the growth of Welfare Work we may perhaps look for the monument by which she would best love to be remembered in Egypt.

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An Extract from the Minutes of the Egyptian Missionary Association, Meeting, July 1927

IN the death of Dr. Carrie M. Buchanan, Egypt has lost a missionary who consecrated to its service an almost passionate devotion. It is nearly two years since she was

compelled to realize that her days were numbered in this land which had been since 1893 the land of her adoption. When she laid down her many-sided activities she was up-

borne by the thought that even as an invalid in America she might continue to serve Egypt with her pen. God willed otherwise, and on May 13th He released her spirit from the fetters that shackled her and called her to a new life beyond the veil.

Our deep sense of bereavement is shared with very many of Egypt's daughters for whose emancipation physically, intellectually and spiritually she poured out lavishly, energy, prayer, money, personal influence, thought, imagination and love.

She was privileged to leave her mark on several of our large educational institutions and to give an im-

petus to the cause of temperance and to the provision of suitable literature for the women and girls, but it is Luxor Boarding School and Cairo's Child-welfare Centers that will remain her chief memorial in Egypt.

Her amazing courage, her silent endurance, her indomitable enthusiasm, and her infectious faith are a memory that we cherish and for which we thank God, praying that through the death of one who risked all that she might achieve great things we may feel a new call to more loving and uncalculating service.

Rena L. Hogg.

Mary K. Coventry.

HIS ROOM

Do you ever slip into his room,
So quiet now, so clean, so cool,
And through the shades of twilight gloom
Glimpse skates and boxing gloves, each tool
Piled on a shelf—a bat, a ball,
A tennis racket; over all
The scent of shaving soaps and creams,
The goal of early boyhood dreams—
To think of him, your boy at school!

And if a mother's heart you bear,
His room becomes a hallowed place,
And ere you think of leaving there
You kneel beside his bed; your face
Is pillowed where so oft his own
Has lain, your boy so lately grown
Into a man; and from your soul
There throbs a prayer; in calm control
You plead before the Throne of Grace:

O God of mother hearts, whose boys
Have gone from home to school or shop,
Where once their whistling, romping
noise—

A silence, as if life would stop!
Be with them, God of tenderness;
As they are thine, their young lives bless,
And in temptations trying hour
Give them of thine all-conqu'ring power;
O God of love, be with our boys.

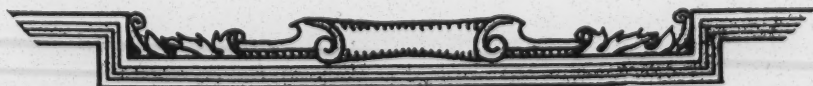
—Anna Norman Oates

PRAYER FOR A COLLEGE GIRL

So dear, so dear she is to me,
This child who leaves my side to-day!
Yet dearer still, O Lord, to thee;
And so with confidence I pray.
She'll weary as the years go by,
And gay adjustment lose its zest;
But sure of thine approving eye
May she have quiet rest.
If disappointment's sword should fall,
Or sorrow flash from a clear sky,
May she have grace to suffer all
Sure of thy sympathy.
She will have hours of lonely doubt:
Let her be calm through all suspense,
And work her own salvation out,
Sure of Thy providence.
If to the battle she must thrill,
Then may she fight right faithfully;
Or, tempted in the desert, still
Be sure of victory.

Ella Broadus Robertson

During this month of September, many boys and girls will be leaving home for the first time—These two little poems are printed for the mothers, who can understand.



Foreign Correspondence

MISSIONARIES BIRTHDAYS

October 8 Miss Sara Moore
October 13 Miss Ellen Maconachie
October 13 Miss Marie F. Tait
October 15 Mrs. Ada Dunlap
October 16 Miss Ruth Ardrey

October 18 Miss Elizabeth McKibben
October 20 Miss Olive Laing
October 23 Miss Mary Lawrence
October 31 Miss Esther Wilson

UNFORGOTTEN

I cannot tell why there should come to me
A thought of some one miles and years away,
In swift insistence on the memory
Unless there be a need that I should pray.

We are too busy even to spend thought,
For days together, of some friends away;
Perhaps God does it for us, and we ought
To read his signal as a call to pray.

Perhaps just then my friend has fiercer fight,
A more appalling weakness or decay
Of courage, darkness, some lost sense of right;
And so in case you need my prayer, I pray,

Dear, do the same for me; if I intrude
Unasked upon you, on some crowded day,
Give me a moment's prayer as interlude;
Be sure I need it, therefore pray.
Marianne Farningham.

INDIA

Miss Jean Morrison, Editor, Abbottabad, India

MOHAMMEDANISM IN INDIA TODAY

By Miss Josephine White

A few years ago there was a great agitation against the British government; fanatical Moslem agitators went into south India among the Moplahs and told them that the British government had ceased to exist in India. The Moplahs started out with fire and sword, meaning to destroy all who would not accept the Moslem faith: their zeal would have delighted the heart of their prophet. Men were murdered, women and girls captured and carried off and much property was destroyed. The British forces were soon in the land of the Moplahs and they discovered that the government still existed in all its power. The Moplahs yielded to force and the next thing was to persuade the poor frightened Hindus to go back to their land and rebuild their ruined homes. Mohammedanism appeals to the lower passions of men, its founder made loot and women their lawful prey.

Recently I was sitting in a Moslem home conversing with the mother. I spoke of the merits of our Lord and of what he has done for us and of his wonderful love, and expressed a desire that all might come to know

Him; she replied—"Don't say that, if a Mohammedan man hears you he will kill you". She was quite excited but I talked on and read with her till finally she showed a real interest. Bigoted Moslem men do not like us to teach their women; they fear we will really influence them. There is nothing for women in Mohammedanism, they may enter heaven if they are very faithful and obedient to their husbands. In heaven there will be many men but few women from this earth, the faithful there, will be attended by rare and beautiful beings about whom there will be no touch of earth. The Koran teaches that women should be virtuous but few men care anything for the virtue of any woman but those of their own family.

I was teaching English to a young woman in a family of more than ordinary education and culture; our text book was the New Testament. One day she said to me, "You are teaching me your book, let me teach you the Koran". I replied "Very well". "You pick out some verses from the Koran concerning women and I will pick some out of the New Testament." She seemed quite happy over this arrangement at the time, but never referred to the subject again and

never again asked me to read the Koran.

Few Moslem women are acquainted with their own book; some of the girls who come to the mission schools can read the Koran; they can only say the words but do not understand the meaning. If the teacher of the Koran is keen on her own faith it sometimes has an effect on the minds of the girls. The majority of Mohammedan girls leave school very young to marry, but in these days more of the parents set aside the unchangeable laws of their prophet and keep their girls at home till they are sixteen or seventeen. Some of the more advanced Mohammedans are giving their girls college educations.

The blessings of Mohammedanism are all for men. They are given education and worldly advancement; all rewards promised them are of a worldly character. The uneducated woman has few opportunities; sometimes an old blind man who has learned some verses from the Koran by heart makes a few pice by teaching it to these women. I was talking to a girl who had read to the tenth class in school; she spoke of how little women are regarded but added that when they were trained and educated it gave them a better understanding among the men. In some of the Mohammedan homes the women are well treated; some Mohammedan men seem almost Christian in their way of thinking.

When a girl is married she is given a dowry and there are many curious customs observed; an educated girl friend of mine invited me to her wedding, she said, "The Mohammedan part will be on Friday but I want you to come on Saturday". On that day we found the happy pair sitting under a great horse shoe made of flowers. There was a fine, large wedding cake served with the tea, all very like an English tea party. I asked about the service the day before. She said all of the men guests had dinner together, a relative was

sent to ask her if she would accept Rs. 7000 if her husband took another wife, she said she would; many gifts of money were given by the friends and relatives present. After the English tea party the bride and groom dashed away in a fine motor car; later the bride's father-in-law came to escort her to her new home in Indian fashion, but found the young couple gone.

In India among Moslems close relatives intermarry. Very commonly first cousins are married; this keeps property in the family. The narrow lives led by the women induce beliefs in superstition and sorcery. Their jealousy knows no bounds. How often we hear of the child of some co-wife being poisoned or of the wife herself being killed. Polygamy is becoming so expensive that it is unpopular among the ordinary people.

Charms are greatly used; these are usually made and sold by their religious teachers. A woman said of a certain Maulvi who had died, "He made good charms". Usually these consist of a verse from the Koran written out and tied about the neck. They are bitter against idolatry but they themselves worship graves and also worship their so-called holy men.

They live in fear of the evil eye. They believe they are surrounded by evil spirits, sometimes they try to outwit these and insure a child's life by giving it a name with a bad meaning. One day a little girl reported that another girl had called her a "Charail". I had heard the word but did not know what it meant. This girl told me that "Charails" walk with their toes turned back and their heels in front. In this short space it is impossible to tell in detail of the fear and suffering which come from the belief that people are surrounded by spiritual enemies and darkness who are ever seeking to injure them. Let us pray that they may soon come to the light and know the love that saves.

Thank-Offering Department.

EDITED BY MRS. MRS. O. H. MILLIGAN.

Thank-Offering Secretary

905 Publication Building 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A THANK-OFFERING MESSAGE TO ALL MISSIONARY SOCIETIES

I am very sure there was praise and thanksgiving in the hearts of all, when the amount of our last Thank-Offering was known.

God abundantly blessed the efforts, love, and devotion of the members of the missionary societies. He gave us the blessing of a large offering, \$173,069.09, an increase of \$11,519.00 over the offering of the previous year. Without doubt the success of the 1926 Thank-Offering was due to the earnest and united prayers of the women of the north, south, east and west. He heard and answered. With grateful hearts we praise and thank Him. We should not think of what has been accomplished but of what should be accomplished, that all the world may hear and turn to God the Lord.

Very soon we will present our 1927 Thank-Offering, our fortieth offering. Every one of us desires our anniversary offering to surpass all others. On bended knee let us unitedly go forward to accomplish this for His sake. Let us give Him our best of devotion, time, thought, interest, enthusiasm and gifts. Express your gratitude for the manifold blessings you are receiving from Him.

"We should thank our Father, simply as a child,

For His utter patience, calm and sweet and mild,

For the blessings scattered, over all the way—

We should thank our Father, every live-long day!"

—Margaret E. Sangster.

HOW CAN WE SHOW OUR THANKFULNES?

BY—Enlisting every woman in your congregation in His service.

Working more earnestly for the advancement of His kingdom.

Pouring into the treasury our thank-offerings.

HOW CAN WE MAKE OUR FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OFFERING OUR BEST?

PRAY for it. Pray daily. Pray in your societies and prayer groups.

WORK for it. Decide on a goal in excess of last year's offering.

ENCOURAGE all members to make daily use of the Thank-Offering boxes.

ADVERTISE your thank-offering service for several weeks previous.

SEND personal invitations. Plan to observe the week previous to "Ingathering" as a week of self-denial, thanksgiving and prayer.

PLAN to give one of the new pageants *The Alabaster Cruse* or *Missionary Magic* for the Juniors.

READ aloud to your society the *Story the Thank-Offering Blanks Tell*. It will enthuse and stimulate every member to greater effort for the 1927 Thank-Offering.

KEEP all interested in Life Memberships and Life Directorships. Senior Life memberships, \$25.00; Junior Life Memberships, \$10.00; Life Directorships, \$300.00.

In sending these, the name must accompany the money. The treasurer of the society sends names and money to the presbyterial treasurer and she in turn sends to the General Treasurer.

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Order Thank-Offering envelopes and leaflets (free for postage) in time to send out to every woman a week or ten days before the date of your "Ingathering." It is helpful for the Thank-Offering Committee to send with each envelope a personal letter of invitation and plea, for a liberal offering.
2. Plan to meet the expense of carrying on the Thank-Offering in your congregation from the contingent fund of your society, and never—no never—take it from your Thank-Offering.
3. Do not retard the work of your Presbyterial Thank-Offering Secretary, and mar the annual report of your General Thank-Offering Secretary by procrastination or failure to send in your blanks well-filled and on time.
4. Blanks for reports from Women's, Young Women's and Junior Societies were sent to your Presbyterial Thank-Offering Secretary on September 6th. If you fail to get blanks promptly, do not fail to write to her and ask for them.
5. Do not use your Thank-Offerings:
 - (a) To meet congregational expenses.
 - (b) To make up congregational pledges to Church Boards.
 - (c) For church benevolences.
 - (d) For church or parsonage furnishings or for debt.
 - (e) For society pledges or contingent expenses.
 - (f) For any object—*however worthy it may be*—outside of the mission work under the care of the Women's Board.

Please don't cripple the work your society is organized to support, by diverting your Thank-Offerings into any channel outside of that for which the women of the church are held responsible.

6. The Treasurer of the Women's

Board—Mrs. J. B. Hill, 1531 Denniston Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., closes her books for the 1927 offering on January 1, 1928, hence your offering should be in her hands—through your Presbyterial Treasurer—not later than the middle of December.

7. See that every family in your congregation is well supplied with Senior Thank-Offering boxes for the next year's offering and with the little pink Junior boxes where there are children. Use last year's boxes as far as possible, on account of present cost of same.

8. Order all supplies from 905 Publication Building, Ninth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., and NOT from your Secretary's home address.

LIST OF SUPPLIES

Read the following list carefully and choose all that will be helpful in your monthly program or needed for the annual Ingathering.

These are prepared for your use and are all free except the Pageants and Responsive Services. We ask that you pay the postage. Either send a sum sufficient to cover the postage or note the amount of postage required to carry your package and remit same at once. By doing this you help us greatly.

LEAFLETS

The Home Council—Thank-Offering Box, Miss Davida Finney.

A Thank-Offering Service in Assiut, Miss Mary L. Thompson.

Egyptian Givers, Miss Elizabeth R. Baleny.

Why I Give A Thank-Offering, Mrs. J. P. White.

The First Thank-Offering at Ezel, Mrs. J. C. Alter.

What Is A Thank-Offering? Miss Ida B. Little.

Our Thanksgiving and Praise—Book Mark, Mrs. O. H. Milligan.

Life Directorships, Mrs. H. C. Campbell.

The Christian's Song of Thanksgiving, Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter.

Mrs. Morgan's Quarter, Kate Summer Gates.

How To Settle The Missionary Problem, Willis R. Hotchkiss.

History of the Thank-Offering, Mrs. O. H. Milligan.

The Mission Of A Missent Thankyou Box, Mrs. T. L. Thompson.

Faith In The Unseen In Giving, Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter.

Will Your Gift Be Your Richest and Best? Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter.

Enlarged Gifts, Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter.

Life Membership Fund, Mrs. J. B. Hill.

Thank-Offering Questions for Monthly Program (10 in set), Mrs. Arthur A. Charles.

The Evolution of the Jug Habit, Miss Jane Martin.

Duties of a Thank-Offering Secretary, Mrs. O. H. Milligan.

Lost Thank-Offering Boxes.

At Life's Daily Crossing, Mrs. O. H. Milligan.

Why Give a Thank Offering, Mrs. S. E. DuBoise.

Our Thank-Offering, Mrs. E. A. Campbell.

Gratitude, Mrs. O. H. Milligan.

Prayer Our Best Preparation, Mrs. O. H. Milligan.

The Story the Thank-Offering Blanks Tell, Mrs. O. H. Milligan.

FOR SOCIETIES

Senior, Young Women's and Junior Thank-Offering Envelopes.

Boxes—Senior and Junior Thank-Offering Boxes.

Thank-Offering Creed.

Thank-Offering Poster.

Thank-Offering Service Invitation.

JUNIOR HELPS

Leaflets

Three Junior Maids.

Esther's Thank-Offering.

The Junior Thank-Offering—Why?

The Missionary Potato.

What a Child's Penny Did in Saving Souls.

Prayers in Verse.

A Gift That Was Not A Gift.

Boy's Thank-Offering.

"Self-Denial Week."

The Gift Without the Giver.

Why Every Junior Should Give A Thank-Offering.

THANK-OFFERING PAGEANTS

New Pageants—THE ALABASTER

CRUSE, Mrs. O. H. Milligan. 10c

New Pageants (Junior)—MISSION-

ARY MAGIC, Mrs. John Heslip. 10c

THE GOSPEL TORCH, Mrs. O. H.

Milligan. 10c

GIFTS OF GRATITUDE, Mrs. O.

H. Milligan. 10c

THE BLESSED THANK-OFFERING,

Mrs. O. H. Milligan. 10c

MISS THANKLESS BECOMES MISS

THANKFUL, Mrs. O. H. Milligan.....10c

THE DOCTOR AND THE NURSE,

Mrs. O. H. Milligan. 10c

THE WORLD CALL, Mrs. O. H.

Milligan. 5c

OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT

Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter. 5c

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD,

Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter. 2c

JUNIOR EXERCISE—PRAISE AND

THANKSGIVING, Mrs. W. R. McMunn 5c

CHILDREN'S WORSHIP, Mrs. W. R.

McMunn. 2c

RESPONSIVE SERVICE—GLORY

TO GOD, Mrs. O. H. Milligan.

RESPONSIVE SERVICE—GRATEFUL

PRAISE, Mrs. O. H. Milligan.

1c each or \$1.00 per 100

Boxes—free for postage. Envelopes—free

for postage. Leaflets—free for postage.

Thank-Offering boxes 30 cents per dozen

to other denominations. Leaflets, 20 cents

a dozen to other denominations.

Mail orders to MRS. O. H. MILLIGAN

905 Publication Building, Ninth Street

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Life Members

SENIOR LIFE MEMBERS

\$25.00 Each

July 1, 1927, to August 1, 1927.

32. Mrs. Anetta M. McMillan, Swissvale, Pa. By her husband, Mr.

J. B. McMillan.

33. Lillie Duff, New Castle, Pa., By her Mother, Mrs. Clara Duff.

34. Mrs. J. C. Lorimer, Olathe, Kans. By her seven sons.

Young Women's Department.

Edited by the Young Women's General Secretary,
MISS IDA B. LITTLE,

1503 Dormont Ave., Dormont, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MOTTO FOR 1927—1928:—"WE WILL PASS."

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL WORK FOR 1926—1927

Support of Girl's Boarding School, Pasrur, India, \$4,350. Salaries—Home:—Matron of Dormitory, Frenchburg, Kentucky; Superintendent of Jubilee Hospital, Henderson, North Carolina, Miss Eva Johnson-Adams; City Missionary at Spokane, Washington, Miss Laura Sawhill, \$2,680; Foreign—Mrs. Ruth Lobaugh Walker, Gorie, Abyssinia; (new) Miss Mary Cole, Wadi Halfa, Sudan, \$800 each or \$1,600. Total Askings, \$8,630 or \$300 more than received in 1925—1926.

1903

1928

Anniversary Year

NEW YOUNG WOMEN'S SOCIETIES

Colorado Presbyterial has a new society of which Miss Elizabeth Mc-Millan, efficient home missionary worker, informs us. It is the Canon City Y. W. M. S., ten members. The president is Mrs. M. T. Gillin, 101 Macon St., Canon City.

Keokuk Presbyterial, Winfield church has a new "A. B. C" society; in full it is Agnes Ballantyne Circle. The leader of this organization is Mrs. S. F. Sharpe, Winfield, Iowa.

THE PROGRAM COLLECTION

Have you sent in your new program yet? Those especially desired are programs you have made up. By this, we do *not* mean that you shall *not* use the *current subjects*. We are desirous of your original ideas. Novel suggestions start the "wheels" to running in some other person's head. We like to know in how many ways the same subject may be correctly presented, interesting in each case.

OUR NEW MOTTO

If you will read the opening and closing paragraphs of the Young Women's Report, you will find the setting of the 1927—1928 motto. Do you not think it is a worthy one for this, our 25th year?

If the young men have such persistence in projecting big business, why should not young women be equally zealous in the great cause of missions as represented by their own particular units, the various young women's organizations?

It is great to do any worth-while work well. Especially should this apply to the right hand of the church, the missionary society.

Speed the day when not only the young women of the churches but the young men as well shall be vitally interested in spreading the Gospel to the parts that need it! This presupposes study and preparation, not spasmodically but regularly. Then truly shall our motto be realized.

WE WILL PASS!

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL FUND

Did you read the Young Women's report in the July number of the Magazine? If so, you already know that the special for 1927-1928 is the same as for last year. Find the complete list at the head of this department. Did you notice that the full amount asked for, \$8,630, was not quite realized? But then one-hundred or more societies gave no contribution to this particular work. Buy a Statistical Report at 904 Publication Bldg., Pittsburgh,—*only*, 15 cents, *worth dollars*—and see how many societies gave the amount asked for, an average of \$1.00 per member.

Next year in Buffalo, N. Y., we are to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the Young Women's Department. Would it not be fine, if Miss Mary Coie's salary were fully met? Would it not be especially encouraging if every society assumed its share in this work?

THE Y. W. PENNANT

You read in the annual report that no presbyterial won a pennant this past year. Reason? Well, there were several. Foremost, no presbyterial has a girl's circle or a young women's society in every congregation. The next most difficult point was No. 9 which has to do with the mission study class. It has been revised. Compare item in first column, first paragraph, page 761, July Magazine, with point 9 as found in last year's report to note the change made. The change was made at the suggestion of the rural section, where mud roads can be found in the muddy season!! Point 9, now reads:—"Each society shall have a mission study class. It shall complete a definite study of a mission book." In parenthesis:—"No class taking the time of the regular program shall receive credit as a class."

Since the next convention meeting in Buffalo, N. Y. is to hear the report of this 25-year old department, let's make it a good one. Aim to have some presbyterial win a pennant!! Why not yours?

The Young Women's Conference at the Pittsburgh Convention was, we hope, fruitful. Like the other conferences held at the early hour of 8:30 a.m., it was handicapped, as many delegates found it difficult to reach the church promptly. However, the following presbyterials had representatives present:—Arkansas Valley, Allegheny, Beaver Valley, Big Spring, Butler, Caledonia, College Springs, Colorado, Chartiers, Concordia, Illinois Southern, Monongahela, Steubenville, Spokane; also, India and the Sudan.

The meeting was entirely informal and was what the name indicates,—a conference. The question of money,—how get it, to what objects to disburse it, and other topics, were discussed, but the closing time came so soon that some were disappointed in not hearing some other phases of the work discussed. Instruct your

delegate to the Buffalo Convention as to what questions she shall ask and the plans she would put before the conference for the benefit of other societies. If you comply with this request, a most excellent conference should be held next year.

NEEDED:—MORE ROOM OR LESS RUBBISH?

What a big world is ours! Big as it is and full, there is always room for something more on it. Nature has a way of "sloughing off" or in other words, of clearing away it's rubbish. Disuse leads to decay. Nature absorbs this and thus room is left for something new. So Nature always has room for every good thing.

The H. J. Heinz Company in Pittsburgh, Pa., lives true to it's popular name, "the 57 Varieties", by taking away it's least popular product when a new best seller is placed on the list. It has a place for the best products, but none for rubbish. Thus we can learn a lesson from Nature and from big concerns that are valuable to every day life.

We are wondering if it would not be worthwhile for every one of us to take an inventory of our lives to discover just how well we use our time; if we are serving self merely or if we have thought for God and others. If the former, there must be a good deal of rubbish about. If the latter, there is yet room to do better work.

A missionary from Africa was addressing a conference of young people. He told of tribes he had visited whose houses were so filled with idols that there was not sufficient room for the family to eat or sleep. One commenting on this fact wonders if there may not be so-called Christian homes, so filled with the worship of pleasure, of money, of society,—and we might add of ease or business,—that no room is left for the highest and best things.

Many otherwise fine young Christian women are not vitally interested in the Church or the agencies. They "have not time" is their stock excuse." They *may* be usefully employed, but refuse to give any time, to the highest service. Should a charge of idol-worship be made against these same young women, they would be horrified, yet is not their time so occupied that no place has been left for God? Christian America disclaims any thought of idols! Only heathen or pagans worship idols!

Anything that keeps us from true Christian service of some form may be called rubbish. That which comes between us and loyalty to God expressed in service and worship is nothing short of an idol.

Nero has received merited censure for hundreds of years, because, as history tells us, he "fiddled while Rome burned." How much better are we if we allow our lives to be clogged with worldly pleasures or business to the exclusion of spiritual growth and attainment if we fritter away our time at nothings while the world is dying for lack of knowledge of the Savior we profess to love? No, we do not need more room. We do need to get rid of our *idols*—rubbish!

FROM A Y. W. SPECIAL WORKER

Wadi Halfa, Sudan.

June 18, 1927.

Dear Friends of the Y. W. M. S:—

Our year's work ended with the usual busy closing month. Perhaps you would like to hear about our work.

As to the difficulty over the signing of the contracts in the school, there has been no change. We are still praying that before the opening of school in the fall, this order may be removed but as yet there has been no official change. The people still seem anxious to have their girls come to school but will not sign the contracts.

The school had a program the last of April which seemed to be quite an attraction. It was the first of its kind to be given in Halfa and so received a great reception. The part which attracted most attention was a temperance dialogue. This seemed to please the Moslem part of the audience especially.

We have great reason for thanksgiving for the way the Lord has blessed our church here. The members are very few and have been holding their meetings in the school building. Just before Christmas they decided to try to collect money to finish the church building which has stood for many years unfinished. It seemed an impossible task, but they have received very generous help from friends both in the Sudan and Egypt, so that everything now points to the work being entirely finished and ready for occupancy by Nov. 1. We have had no pastor. Two government clerks have been taking turns giving the sermon on Sabbath. But the last Sabbath in May, Synod sent to us Bulus Effendi, a student from the Seminary at Cairo, for a 5 months supply. Bulus Effendi is a converted Moslem and a very earnest Christian. It is very difficult for some of the good brethren who have been reared in Christian homes to believe that the Lord can change a strong Moslem into a strong Christian. But the testimony of Bulus Effendi to his faith in Christ as the Son of God and his Saviour was so clear-cut and convincing that even the most skeptical were convinced of the reality of his change of heart.

The work among the women in the homes progresses so very slowly that it can scarcely be called progress. At the close of the year we had eight pupils and prospects now indicate that we may have only about half of these to start the new year. But no doubt there will be new ones come then.

We need your prayers for these

who are taking lessons and that we may be led to others. Also, that we may have a deep spiritual awakening among the Christians here. Also, pray that Miss MacClellan, who comes to help with the work in the school, and I, who will be new to the

school work, may both be led and guided to do only what the Lord wants us to do.

Thanking you for your interest and prayers, I am,

Very sincerely,

MARY E. COIE.

Methods

Here is a suggestion for presbyterial Young Women's secretaries, a plan you may find workable. It comes from Mrs. Paul Stewart of York, Pa., secretary of Big Springs Presbyterial. She plans "to tabulate the annual reports as sent to her and send a copy to each society in the presbyterial for comparison and incentive." In case such a tabulation would be a burden to you, encourage each society to purchase the Statistical Report, price 15 cents, and compare yourself and your presbyterial with the rest of the church.

Southern Illinois Presbyterial, Mrs. W. H. Hastings, 3524 A Wyoming, St. Louis, Mo., secretary of young women sends a plan that presbyterial carried through last year. Four young women of this presbyterial are in the mission field. Mrs. Hastings asked the societies to send greetings at the Christmas season to these missionaries. Several complied with the request. One society sent each missionary a box of handkerchiefs. The missionaries answered the cards and everybody was delighted. The secretary then requested the missionaries to send her a letter which she would carbon and send to each society. The girls in the societies seem pleased with the contact thus established.

Mrs. E. W. Fisk of Prosser, Wash., tells of some of the work done by the society in Prosser—and it is just one year old now! It began with nine members and in a short time almost doubled its membership. Besides some money contributions, the girls

made twenty rag dolls for the Indian Mission at Simnasho, Ore.—the dolls to be used as Christmas gifts for the children.

Another Young Women's secretary, Miss Helen Lackey of Carlisle, Iowa, tells of plans for the Y. W. rally:—A "get acquainted period," a dinner with plenty of "pep" thrown in, some demonstrations of model devotional period, suggestions for making the regular meeting one of more variety, a display of study books and material suitable for reading contests.

She says the librarians in several of the towns are at work compiling lists of materials available for use in the various circles. These lists will be mimeographed and distributed to societies at the rally. Several missionaries are expected to be present and to present the work of the fields they represent.

You will all want to hear how this rally materialized. Perhaps Miss Lackey will honor the department with an account of it.

PROGRAMS

Mrs. W. Brookman, 3214 O. St., Lincoln, Nebraska, has sent a copy of the W. M. S. program for the collection. This society, in its roll call, asks on one day for Bible verses on good cheer; another, on the power of the Gospel, or, to state a cause for encouragement in missionary work, or, a Bible verse on temperance, or, to answer the question, "In what way have I been most benefited this year?" This method develops thought

and effort and encourages some research.

The Martha Circle of Jamestown, Pa., through Miss Helen Ralston, Spring St., Jamestown, has sent its program. Its motto is suggestive:—"Up and Doing." Another item coming monthly is Bible reading by books; e. g., one month Luke or Esther or part of Job., etc. In this way there is a unity of interest established. A feature of the December meeting is the singing of carols.

The Young Women's Society of 2nd Cambridge, Ohio, plans a thank-offering luncheon for the November meeting, a program to follow. Miss Margaret Bown, 1021 Beatty Ave., Cambridge, will no doubt be glad to answer any questions you may ask.

The Eliza B. Wallace society of 2nd Cambridge, Ohio, promises several unusual meetings:—an Indian "Pow-wow", Christmas meeting and Missionary Musicales. Mrs. S. F. MacConkey, R. D. No. 1, Cambridge, Ohio, can give you details.

The W. M. Society of 2nd Cambridge, Ohio, presents the group plan; e.g., some women are in the India group, others in Abyssinia or in the Magazine crowd or Thank-Offering; each group carrying through its particular program.

This society has a challenging motto:—"Christ First". On the back of the program is a perforated page on which are "14 points", each or all of which may be your purpose to fulfil during the year,—such as—lead in prayer, regular attendance, practice tithing, etc.—For fuller information write Mrs. C. F. Gross, N. 7th St., Cambridge, Ohio.

Mrs. E. W. Fisk of Prosser, Wash., has given a brief outline of the pro-

gram carried out in the young women's society. The emphasis is put on *knowing* the missionary work and a different person conducts the devotional period each evening. The social hour is definitely planned for by a different girl each evening. There may be music or readings or short plays or good games preceding the refreshments. Every part of the meeting seems to be planned for. Nothing "hit-or-miss" about it!

Mrs. C. C. Custard, 341 Chester Ave., Butler, Pa., sends the W. M. S. Program of 1st church. A practical page is—"Information." Special days and duties are thus emphasized. The full membership seems to be included either as officers or committee members. A unique program on medical missions is promised:—India—"Go tell John"; Egypt,—Heal the sick",—and so throughout our fields abroad and at home.

At the end of the program pages is this verse by Edwin Markham:—

"There is a destiny that makes us brothers,

None goes his way alone;

All that we send into the lives of others,
Comes back into our own."

The 1st church W. M. S. Detroit, Mich., through its pastor's wife, Mrs. R. W. Mansfield, 4100 Grand River, Detroit, has sent its program. It contains as specials one guest meeting and two luncheon meetings, but a regular program is carried out each time.

A program from the Ladies Aid Society of 1st church Pittsburgh, N. S. combines the missionary study idea and the work of the hands in sewing. Miss Elizabeth Trimble, 904 Publication Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa., can give you facts as to how this society succeeds in its double venture.

Mrs. R. Francis Hall, President of the W. G. M. S. suggests that since 1928 will mark the 25th anniversary of the Y. W. M. S., that Presbyterians see to it that their young women representatives are sent to the 1928 convention. Let us make the Buffalo Convention a Y. W. Special.

Foreign Missions

MRS. H. C. CAMPBELL, Secretary, 340 S. Hiland Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

I want to tell you a very interesting story connected with the Girls' School in Martinpur, India. Mrs. W. L. Taylor, a very dear friend and greatly interested in the work of the Women's General Missionary Society, sent for the writer one day, while she was on her death bed, and after a season of prayer and a little conversation handed her a check for five thousand dollars, saying, "I want you to use this as a memorial for my beloved sister Jane". We asked her where the memorial was to be, at home or abroad. "Oh, abroad". Well then, in what country? After a little discussion it was decided it was to be in India. Letters were written to the India Mission and it was found land had been purchased in Martinpur for a Girls' School, but there never had been any money available for the erection of the building. On condition that the deed of the land would be made out in the name of the Women's General Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of North America, the money was given to erect the Jane Denham Memorial.

Quotations from a letter written by Miss Josephine Martin, a sister of our dear Jane Martin, will tell the story of the opening of this school, which occurred on May 4, 1927.

"After sister Jane left the school at Martinpur it was put in the care of Miss Flora Jameson, who visited it from Sangla Hill as often as she could, and who became very enthusiastic about it. There are over one hundred girls enrolled and with the new building it will grow more. It is hoped that a resident lady missionary may be located in Martinpur sometime in the near future, which will give the school a better chance, but until then it is to be kept a primary school. For that reason two class rooms at one side were not built just yet, but the foundation is laid

and the money is on hands to build them. The idea was to make these without the center partition of brick so that they could be used as an assembly hall. Miss Jameson thinks that if it is made into a middle school these might be changed a little to allow a little more space. In the meantime with six class rooms and the office the school has accommodation for the present needs.

"The people were very enthusiastic over it. Mr. Picken, who was the builder, said that he never had such good workmen, both voluntary and hired. One Molid said that when the work was begun every morning with prayer, they should work over time cheerfully. The people contributed work, a day's work or more, and so made the money go a much longer way.

"Miss Jameson was afraid to invite many people to the opening, as May is such a hot month and Martinpur a hot place, but nine missionaries were there. The night before we had a big storm and the day was delightful.

"The opening was held at 8:30 a.m. Chairs were at both sides for those who wished to sit on chairs. In the center the girls' school pupils sat in front, on the floor of course, and the boys from the boys' school behind them, the women and men behind, and at both sides. There was quite a crowd there. The girls marched from their old school carrying flags and were seated in rows. Mr. Picken presided. The school girls had quite a nice program. The last item was a poem for the occasion written by one of the teachers in the Boys' School and recited by his little daughter, a pupil of the Girls' School. Miss Josephine Martin told something about the school building and its history, and the giving of the money which was to be for some one build-

ing which the amount would pay for. Mr. Picken gave a history of the building process. He had been instructed to read the names of those who had fulfilled their promises of help, which he did. He called Miss Kate Hill forward and presented her with a silver key, and asked her to open the building. Miss Hill was in the "Bar" when the land was given and she said that she sat by my father when he assigned the plots to different people, so it was nice that she was there to open the building. Then all went inside to see the building. The classes were standing in rows in their rooms with teachers in charge. Miss Josephine Martin went into one class room which was filled with Martinpur women. One old woman with gray hair and wearing spectacles was dancing about; she said, "It is a time, sisters, to dance." Another said, "It is a time to shout, 'Victory!'" Miss Martin said, "All right, go ahead", and the whole room full shouted, "Jai, jai, jai"! (Victory, victory, victory!) After all had been shown through the building, native sweets (candy) were distributed to all. It was a happy day for Martinpur. I think that the building means even more to them than the Boys' School did. I am sure at any rate that it is very precious to them, and all the more so, because it was a gift of love, one sister's love for another, and because they too, had a share in it.— (They helped to buy the land)."

Miss Martin continues, "We are happy over our Bible results in Avalon. Our girls stood well in the examination. We have just heard that those who entered the Lake Memorial Bible Examination, took five out of a possible seven prizes. The money part of the prizes amounted to 67 rupees, and they get books besides, and all who passed get certificates."

"The Post-master's daughter entered as a day pupil this morning. We have the District Engineer's daughter as a boarder, and the Tahsildar's granddaughter, the Civil Hospital

Doctor's daughter, the daughter of the Sub-Overseer of the District Board, and girls from other leading non-Christian families in the town as day pupils. They learn the Bible with the rest. We also have a Molid lawyer's three daughters from Batala here as boarders."

I am sure that all who read the above brief sketch of school work in India will feel like joining with the Indian women in shouting, "Victory, Victory, Victory". To our heavenly Father alone belongs the victory and the great joy that we of the W. G. M. S., have of helping in a small way to send the story of Jesus Christ to these dark places. They all must learn the Bible, and you know what it says, "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light".

The last word from Roma Beatty, who you know was obliged to go to the hospital and have an appendectomy while on the hills, is very good. She is now able to sit up in her own chair, write a letter herself, and hopes to be back in Badomali able for work in a few weeks. Let us thank God for answered prayers on her behalf.

You will be just as disappointed as we are over the letter we received from Mr. Merriam, that some of the expected difficulties in the way of buying oriental land had occurred, and that the deed for the new site for the Memorial Hospital in Sialkot was still unsigned and the money still unpaid. We wrote back to the disappointed missionaries, "If the Lord wants us to have that location for the Sialkot Hospital, we will get the land, but if the Father does not want us to have it, no missionary in India, nor member of the Women's Board wants it. Let us trust Him no matter how disappointed we may be. He will bring it out all right."

The following named young ladies sailed for India from New York on September sixth on the CITY OF HARVARD;—the Misses Helen Art-

man, Vida Graham, Kathryn Beattie, Georgia Wengert, Dora Whitely, Mary Lincoln, Lillian McConnell, Mary R. Martin, and Mrs. Mary Samuel.

We deeply regret that our beloved Miss Minnie Beatty has suffered a collapse as a result of the long continued strain of caring for her beloved Mother, who went to glory a short time ago. Her furlough has been extended until the first of December.

We have written in previous Magazines of the desire to secure a very desirable property in Beni Suef, Egypt for a community center and girls' school. The land was to cost \$14,500.00, and was considered a nice large piece, fronting on two streets in a very desirable new part of the city. The money was in the hands of the Treasurer, Mr. Caldwell, but, as the property belonged to Mohammedans, the sale had to be authorized and put through a Mohammedan Court. One delay after another in the meeting of the Court had occurred so that the last letter we had the land was still not bought, although the Association was having its regular July meeting and much prayer was being offered that the Lord would cause the owners to sell at the price agreed on, if it was best for the work of the Kingdom.

The health of the missionaries seems to be pretty fair. Miss Anna Y. Thompson writes that she was down at Sidi Bishr for about a ten days' vacation, and that there were about forty ladies there. What a time they would have chatting together, the principal topic being, I am sure, the work of the Lord in the land of Egypt.

The kindergarten furniture for the Mary Clokey Porter School has been received in good shape and Miss McMillan, Miss Williamson and Miss Meloy are delighted therewith. A conference of evangelists and missionaries, numbering about sixty was held in the school during the month

of July. Summer school was held in Miss Minnehaha Finney's Bible Training School Building, also in Tanta.

Responses are coming in and rugs are going over to the Tanta Hospital as a result of a brief notice in the Magazine. It is encouraging to us to see that the women do read the Magazine and respond to its appeals.

The returning missionaries to Egypt, sailing on the vessel with the India missionaries on September sixth, are the Misses Anna B. Criswell, Isabel Hosack, Ella Barnes, Marion Paden and Edna Sherriff.

Miss Madeline Wilson, who, you remember, left Khartum North last March to come home, owing to the illness of her Mother, sailed with Miss Turk on July thirty-first. There was some visiting to be done in England, and then they would join the party that sails August sixth, at Port Sudan and go on together. Miss Grove, who has been comparatively alone in that big building, will surely give them a hearty welcome.

We just had a letter from Miss Aulora McIntyre giving us the sad information of the death of little Harvey West. Mr. and Mrs. West and their children had gotten to Khartum on their way home for furlough. The little lad took sick very suddenly, becoming unconscious, doctors and nurses were at hand and everything that could be done was done, but the Lord who loves little children took him to Himself. A cable of sympathy was sent to Mr. and Mrs. West as soon as we received the letter, and we know that all the readers of the Magazine will pray that the Lord will comfort these bereaved parents. The little lad was laid in the cemetery not far from where the lamented Mr. Tidrick was buried. In all our Mission fields there are sacred spots where the bodies of our missionaries, men, women and children are awaiting the Resurrection Morning.

Miss C. Blanche Soule sailed for the Sudan from New York on the TUSCANIA, August sixth.

Miss Lillian Billington, who goes to the Girls' Boarding School, Khartum North, the only new missionary sailing this year, sailed with the party on September sixth.

The word from Abyssinia is very good. An aunt of the Ras, had lately been received in the Hospital, a very, very sick woman. It was reported to our Prayer Groups and special prayer has been made that the Lord would bless the means used for her recovery.

Dr. and Mrs. Pollock and Miss Beatty had a brief vacation in a lower altitude.

Words fail to express our appreciation of the work of Mrs. Pollock and Miss White on the Hospital Staff during the illness of Miss Ewing and Miss Beatty. Mrs. Fred Russell, the wife of the Secretary-Treasurer of the Abyssinian Mission, was unremitting in labor and attention. She was over there every morning at six o'clock, helping to get the trays ready and the servants started to work. She has no responsibility for the hospital at all, except the exhortation in the Book which she loves, "Bear ye one another's burdens". Mrs. P. Bevan, the wife of the Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, came while Mrs. Pollock was ill and stayed up night after night with Miss Ewing. To these good people we owe our grateful thanks, and are sure that you, too, will appreciate their sympathetic service.

Mrs. Margaret S. Doty, who at one time was Recording Secretary of the Women's Board, had a brother, a very talented physician, who went to his reward several months ago. She very kindly sent his medical books, instruments, microscopes, etc., to our

Board Room, and as Doctors Pollock and Finley had written of the dearth of instruments in the George Memorial Hospital, a box was at once packed and sent with these very much needed and valuable things to the Hospital in Addis Ababa. So Dr. Shaw's work still goes on and will bear fruit to the honor of the Great Physician.

Dr. Pollock writes that the price of the necessities of life in Addis Ababa are alarming. A sack of flour costs \$11.50, and gasoline is ninety-two cents a gallon. The distance from the Hospital to the place where all the English speaking missionaries go on Sabbath afternoon for worship necessitates a round trip of thirteen miles, so you see Dr. Pollock's Ford is much needed and is a great help.

We need a nurse very badly for the George Memorial Hospital, but the doctors write they would rather struggle along as best they can, until the Lord sends a nurse deeply consecrated, willing to spend and be spent for the sake of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ.

As you read the foregoing, you will see how much we have to be thankful for, and how much we have to pray for and how great our need is of more faith and more divine wisdom, which the Father has promised to those who ask Him.

The problems are many and oft times perplexing, but we know from many years of experience that He is able and will make all things work together for good to them that love God. Sickness and death and sorrow and pain and tribulations of all kinds will work "together for good". Let us pray and thank Him for allowing the women of our Church to have such a responsible part in Kingdom work.

The officers of every missionary society should have a Statistical Report for 1927. Order from Literature Secretary, Price 15 cents.

Junior Department.

MRS. W. R. McMUNN, Secretary, 302 Hastings Ave., Oakdale, Pa.

From recent annual reports we learn that there are 902 congregations in our church in America. In 837 of these congregations, Women's Missionary Societies are to be found. We have 502 Junior societies. 335 congregations having Women's societies have no Junior societies. If all the Women's societies in the church were like these, we would not feel optimistic about the future of the United Presbyterian Missions. Fortunately this is not the case. 100% organization—a Junior society in every congregation—is our goal. Splendid gains in membership were made last year in many Presbyterials. How about your Presbyterial and your congregation? Are you 100% organized? If not, why? Monmouth Presbyterial holds the Trophy Cup for this year. Will your Presbyterial win next year? If it has the highest per cent of membership increase, it will win.

We are glad to report the following new societies for this year. Reorganized, North Bend, Neb. Mrs. Charles M. Wilson, Sup't; Reorganized, Burgettstown, Pa., Miss LaVerne Kuhns, Sup't; Utica, Pa., Miss Leila Dunn, Sup't., pro tem; 1st Columbus, Ohio. At Springdale, Pa., a new Little Light Bearers' society, Miss Margaret G. McDonough, Sup't; White Oak, Iowa, Mrs. Fred McFarland and Mrs. Edward Holland, Sup'ts; Sheakleyville, Pa., organized August 3rd, Miss Isabelle Orr, Hadley, Pa., is the Sup't of this society.—Sandy Lake, Pa., Sup't to be appointed; at present under the care of the Pres. of the W. M. S. Three new societies in this list are from Lake Presbyterial. This leaves only two congregations in the Presbytery that do not have junior societies. Mrs. R. E. Little of Kennard, Pa., is the Presbyterial Junior Secretary.

A request from Miss Aulora McIntyre of the Sudan has come to us for dolls. Miss McIntyre wishes to have a real Christmas tree this year with gifts for the Omdurman women, about sixty or seventy of them, and they ask for dolls. They are never able to get over the marvel and wonder of dolls' whose eyes open and shut. In order to reach Miss McIntyre in ample time these should be sent soon, should there be any response to this appeal.

We are very much saddened by the news of the death of Mrs. W. T. Mabon of Springfield, Ohio, which occurred on July 25th as a result of a serious automobile accident. Mrs. Mabon was the Junior Secretary of Xenia Presbyterial. She had only recently been elected to this office, but she went to work at once. The splendid Junior Rally held at Clifton on June 23rd was arranged by her. She also reported a new society at Columbus. We feel that we have lost one who was an earnest worker and a sincere friend of the Juniors. Our sympathy goes out to Rev. W. T. Mabon and family and to all others to whom her going has brought sorrow.

The following outline for memory work has been sent to us by Mrs. Will Lindsay, Junior Secretary of Los Angeles Presbyterial. The society whose members rank highest in memorizing the scripture and facts here outlined, will receive the banner next spring.

PRESBYTERIAL JUNIOR CONTEST WORK

BIBLE EXERCISE

1. What is the best book?
Ans: The Bible. "God's word to us."
2. Its Division—Old Testament—New Testament.
3. Division of Old Testament. (Book of law 5, Historical 12, Poetical 5, Major Prophet 5, Minor Prophets 12.)

4. Division of New Testament. (Historical 5, Doctrinal 21, Prophecy 1.)
5. Whole number of books—66.
6. Whole number of chapters—1189.
7. Whole number of verses—31,173.
8. The longest verse—Esther 8:9.
9. The shortest verse—John 11:35.
10. The middle verse—Psalm 118:8.
11. The longest chapter—Psalm 119.
12. The shortest chapter—Psalm 117.

PLAN OF SALVATION

I am a sinner—1 John 1:8.

I cannot save myself—Titus 3:5.

I have repented of my sins—Acts 3:19.

I have confessed my sins to God and asked Him to forgive me. He has promised and will not lie.—1 John 1:9. Isa. 55:7.

I know Jesus Christ can save me—He died for me—Isa. 55:6, John 3:16.

I trust Jesus Christ as my Saviour—Acts 16:31.

I am willing to confess Christ publicly—Matt. 10:32,33.

I have determined to join the church and with God's help to be a faithful Christian as long as I live—1 John 3:14; Rev. 2:10 last clause.

BIBLE RULES FOR GIVING

What did Jesus say about giving?—Acts 20:35.

How have we received and how should we give?—Matt. 10:8.

How are our gifts accepted?—2 Cor. 8:12.

How often should we give? 1 Cor. 16:2.

What is God's greatest gift to man?—John 3:16.

TITHE CATECHISM

What is meant by giving the Tithe?

Ans. The giving of one tenth of our income to the Lord.

Do children have an income?

Ans. Yes; whatever money is given them as their own, is income.

When is the best time to begin to follow the Tithe law?

Ans. Eccl. 12:1.

THANK OFFERING

What is a Thank offering?

Ans. Something given to the Lord because of special mercies or blessings.

What helps us to remember our obligations to offer unto God Thanksgiving?

Ans. Have a special place to put our offerings.

What is a help in this?

Ans. A Thank offering box.

What is the duty of our juniors?

Ans. To give early, to give regularly and systematically to the Lord.

How can each become strong to do the right?

Ans. Phil. 4:13.

OUR CHURCH ORGANIZATION

Name of our church.

Ans. The United Presbyterian Church of North America.

The highest body in our church?

Ans. The General Assembly, which is composed of divisions known as Synods. Each of which in turn includes several divisions called Presbyteries. Each Presbytery is made up of a number of congregations.

ORGANIZATION OF WOMEN' MISSIONARY WORK OF OUR CHURCH

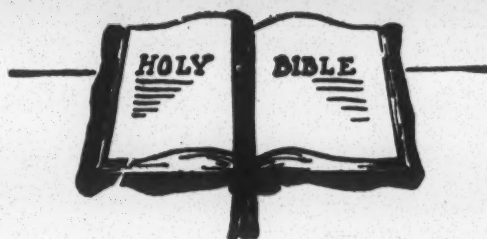
The missionary work of the women of our church is organized into a body known as the Women's General Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of North America. Chartered under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania of which body the Women's Board of Directors, composed of fifteen members is the business agent.

The Women's General Missionary Society is made up of Women's Presbyterial Missionary Societies. One such society being in each Presbytery.

Each of these societies has as its auxiliaries the several Societies in the congregations in its Presbytery, which includes the Women's Missionary Society, the Young Women's Missionary Society, the Junior Missionary Society and the Little Light Bearers' Society in each congregation.



BIBLE



READINGS

21. Matt. 24:42.
22. 2 Peter 3:10, 14.
23. 2 Peter 2:5.
24. 1 Peter 3:20.
25. Jonah 3:10.
26. Isa. 32:2.
27. Psa. 119:114.
28. Matt. 25:10.
29. Gen. 6:8.
30. Gen. 8:21-23; 9:2.
31. Where recorded the token to verify God's promise to Noah?
32. How old was Moses when he died?
33. During whose lifetime was mankind scattered over the earth?
34. When was the earth divided?
35. Find reference to prove that "none is righteous"?
36. What New Testament writer refers to Lot as "righteous"?
37. Where is Melchisedek spoken of in Old Testament?
38. In what place is he mentioned in the New Testament?
39. Where is it recorded:—"When ye be buffeted for your faults, ye take it patiently, etc."?
40. What Old Testament prophet and New Testament writer called Abraham the "friend of God"?

Temperance and Reform

MRS. HARRIET S. BOOBYER, Secretary, 1470 Alabama Avenue,
South Hills. Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Now is the time for all good women to come to the aid of—the government." The primary and fall elections afford an opportunity for women to voice their concern in public affairs. Let us not neglect this opportunity at either election. If any of the offices to be filled seem unimportant, remember that the choice of men for municipal and county duties determines the administration of law and the enforcement of the eighteenth amendment in your vicinity.

If the playlet "The Slackers" is given in your church or society, the women will, I think, regard their ballot as a Christian privilege, the casting of it as their Christian duty.

The following leaflets are splendid:

Gains in the United States During Prohibition.

What Is To Be Done

Why Enforce Prohibition

Prohibition and Youth

Why A Wet Candidate Can Never Be President

Propaganda Against Prohibition

These are "free for postage." Every Temperance and Reform Secretary should have a copy of "We the People and Our Constitution," a worth-while book which gives in a very clear way the content and meaning of the Constitution—price fifteen cents. Also send for a set of "Patriotic Precepts"—fifteen posters for your church—fifteen cents.

For all of this material address: Literature Department, 904 Publication Building, Ninth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Literature Department

MISS ELIZABETH MILLIGAN, Secretary,

904 Publication Bldg., 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

MISSION STUDY, 1927—1928

FOREIGN

Senior

"A Straight Way Toward Tomorrow."

Cloth 75c; paper 50c.

How to Use "A Straight Way," 15c.

Junior

"Please Stand By." Paper only, 50c.

How to Use "Please Stand By," 15c.

HOME

Senior

"New Paths for old Purposes." Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 60c.

Suggestions for Leaders for "New Paths." 15c.

Junior

"Better Americans," series. First, second and third books, 75c. each.

"The Upward Climb," A book on Negro Achievement. The first book in series of three years. For Juniors over 9 years of age. Cloth only, 75c.

"Indian Playmates in Navajo Land." For Juniors between 6 and 9 years. The first book in a 3 year series. Cloth only, 75c.

Send for the following leaflets for the October meeting.

Her Own Story	3c
The Plea of the Submerged Tenth	3c
Historical Sketch (Freedmen)	3c
Women's Work in Freedmen's Missions.....	3c
The Americanization of the Native.....	
Americans	3c
A Needy Race	3c
Work at Simnasho	3c
Cleanliness Next to Godliness	3c
Wabidan	3c
Chuck Likely	3c

NEW LEAFLETS

Facts and Figures of Women's Work.... 10c

Early Days at Ezel 2c

Medical Work at Frenchburg 2c

Reasons Why You Should Join Our....

 Missionary Society Free for postage
 5c per dozen.

JUNIOR SPECIALS

Books:

Musa, Son of Egypt 50c.

Friends of the Caravan Trail 50c.

Taro and Ume 25c.

Just Like You 25c.

Prayers for Little Children 25c.

Game:

Across Africa With Livingstone 60c.

Painting Books:

Friendly Beasts 60c.

Other Children 60c.

Maps:

Picture Map of North America 50c.

Books:—THE "BABIES' SERIES", by Mary Entwistle. Stories to tell to children six to nine or older, to create a feeling of friendship for the children of all the world. Also delightful volumes to put in the hands of the boys and girls themselves. Titles as follows:

The Book of an African Baby 40c

The Book of Babies 40c

The Book of a Chinese Baby 40c

The Book of an Indian Baby 40c

The Book of Island Babies 40c

The Book of Other Babies 40c

Boys and Girls and Friendly Beasts 60c

On the Road (Adventures in India) 60c

STANDARD SUPPLIES

Prayer Cycle 10c.

President's Book 15c.

Envelopes, per 100 25c.

Budget Cards, per 100 35c.

The Goal of The Womens Missionary Magazine is 20,000 Subscribers in 1928. Have you set a goal for your society?

TRIBUTE

We the Women of the Muskingum Presbyterial desire to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. John N. McCartney, who passed to her heavenly home on May 24, 1927. She was a woman of beautiful Christian character and unfailing cheerfulness. She was faithful in her attendance of all Presbyterial meetings especially the monthly prayer-meeting. Her thoughtfulness and kindness were an inspiration to all who knew her. We shall miss her sweet presence, but we rejoice in the thought that she has entered upon a higher service.

I cannot say, and I will not say
That she is dead—she is just away!
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
She has wandered into an unknown land.
And left us dreaming; how very fair
It needs must be, since she lingers there.
And you, O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old time step and the glad return.
Think of her faring on, as dear
In the love of there as the love of here.
Think of her still as the same, I say
She is not dead—she is just away!

Mrs. J. Charles Rankin.

Mrs. John Knox Young.

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Who received the first diploma from Knoxville College?
2. Who is the head of the Music Department of Henderson Institute?
3. How did opening the door, open up a wide door of opportunity for "Harry"?
4. Who would rather be a Negro in the U. S. than any other human being on earth?
5. A substitute for German dyes—made from what?
6. The "heart of darkest America"—Where?
7. What race has made the greatest gain in literacy in the past half century?
8. Seventy-five converts—Where?
9. Who received the Morgenthau prize in 1926?
10. Community Nurses Training Class—Where?
11. What did the Dean hear when he was "Listening in"?
12. Why was the audience "spell-bound"?
13. Who were not "all same white man"?
14. What is the meaning of "Hel-u-e-ma"?
15. By what monument would she best love to be remembered?
16. "So quiet now, so clean, so cool"
17. What bride and groom "dashed away in a fine motor car"?
18. What T. O. anniversary in 1927?
19. A new "A. B. C."—Where?
20. "The Slackers"?
21. Who holds the Junior Trophy Cup?
22. "Jai, jai, jai"—Where did they shout it and why?

WHAT AND WHERE QUIZ

QUESTIONS

1. Matthews?
2. Miller's Ferry?
3. Tama?
4. Cotton?
5. Prairie?
6. Williams?
7. Wilson?
8. Warmspring?
9. Giffen?
10. Riceville?

WHAT

- Indian Missionary.
Freedmen Station.
Indian Station.
Freedmen Missionary.
Freedmen Station.
Freedmen Missionary.
Freedmen Missionary.
Indian Station.
Freedmen Missionary.
Freedmen Station.

ANSWERS

WHERE

- Simnasho, Qre.
Alabama.
Iowa.
Canton Bend, Ala.
Alabama.
Arlington, Ala.
Camden, Ala.
Oregon.
Knoxville, Tenn.
Tenn.

—Mary Wilson Abbott.

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INDIAN MISSIONS

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 Rev. R. G. Smith Tama, Iowa
 Rev. R. H. Barr Warmspring, Ore.

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 Miss Dora Cowden, (Allens) Southview Missions, Hickory, Pa.
 Mrs. Maud Morrison, (Allens) Westland Mission, Hickory, Pa.
 Miss Grace Welch, (Allens) Langloth, Pa.
 Mrs. Mary Ciancio, (Italians) Brushton District, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Miss Margaret Heazlett, ...1302 State Ave., Coraopolis, Pa.
 Miss Sara E. Loucks, 572 Penn. St., Gary Ind.
 Miss Ella Montgomery, Route 4, Mansfield, Ohio
 Miss Elizabeth McMillan, ...Boulder, Colo.
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 Miss Lucile Grath, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
 Miss Thelma Porter, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
 Miss Margaret Beveridge Frenchburg, Ky.
 Miss May Beveridge Frenchburg, Ky.
 Rev. and Mrs. Howard M. Brittain Ezel, Ky.
 Miss Elizabeth Duff, ...Ezel, Ky.
 Miss Ruth Bemis, ...Ezel, Ky.
 Miss Helen Weede, ...Ezel, Ky.
 Miss Gladys Gray, ...Ezel, Ky.
 Miss Martha Wright, ...Ezel, Ky.
 Miss Ruth Roberts Ezel, Ky.
 Miss Esther Dill Ezel, Ky.

FREEDMEN'S MISSIONS

*Arlington, Ala.—Rev. R. P. Williams, Post Office address Annie Maine, Alabama. Shipping point, Arlington, Alabama.
 *Bluestone, Va.—Mr. John A. Bouldin, Jeffress, Va. Mark "For Bluestone Mission."
 *Camden, Ala.—Rev. W. G. Wilson, Camden, Ala.
 *Canton Bend, Ala.—Rev. J. N. Cotton, Camden, Wilcox County, Ala., R. F. D. 1.
 Chase City—Rev. F. W. Wilson, D. D., Chase City, Va.
 Henderson—Rev. John A. Cotton, D. D., Henderson, Vance Co., North Carolina.
 Knoxville—Rev. J. Kelly Giffen, D. D., Knoxville, Tennessee.
 *Miller's Ferry—C. S. Simpson. Post office address Miller's Ferry, Alabama. Shipping point, Camden, Ala. Mark for Miller's Ferry.

*Prairie, Ala.—J. W. E. Wade, Postoffice address, Prairie, Ala.; shipping point, Catherine, Ala.
 *Riceville, Tenn.—Mr. H. W. McKeldin.
 *Townsville, N. C.—Prof. W. E. Williams.

This directory is correct, up-to-date, and will carry clothing safely, if correctly followed. Please remember to prepay freight and then write to the principal of the mission at the time of sending and enclose receipted bill of lading.

*—Donations of Clothing needed. New material and Christmas boxes may be sent to any of the stations. Always put name of society and place inside of box or barrel so that it may be identified and acknowledged.

PRESENT ADDRESS OF MISSIONARIES SUPPORTED BY THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY AND DATE OF APPOINTMENT

HONORARY MISSIONARY

Miss Mary J. Campbell, 15 Rajpur Rd., Delhi, India

INDIA

Miss Emma Dean Anderson, 1881 Gurdaspur
Miss Ruth I. Ardrey, 1904 Gujranwala
Miss Helen Artman, 1920
Miss Helen Artman, 1920
Miss Agnes Ballantyne, 1925 Sialkot City
Miss Kathryn Beattie, 1920
Miss Roma Beatty, 1909 Badomali
Miss Hazel Bennett, 1908 Gujranwala
Miss Lois Boyd, 1918 Sialkot City
Miss Theresa Brownlee, 1922 Badomali
Miss Lois Buchanan, 1910 Sangla Hill
Miss Marie E. Cash, R. N., 1926 Sialkot City
Miss Mary Evelyn Cathcart, 1925 Sialkot City
Miss Henrietta Cowden, 1905 Sialkot City
Miss Laura Dickson, 1897 Pasrur
Miss Ella M. Gordon, 1893 Campbellpur
Miss Vida J. Graham, 1922
Miss Nancy Hadley, 1904 Zafarwal
Miss Evva P. Hartig, R. N., 1924 Jhelum
Miss Kate A. Hill, 1896 Sargodha
Miss Flora E. Hormel, R. N., 1925 Pathankot
Dr. Reba C. Hunsberger, 1921 Sialkot City
Miss Flora Jameson, 1903 Sangla Hill
Miss Mary Kyle, 1904 Pasrur
Miss Mary A. Lawrence, 1893 Rawalpindi
Miss Mary F. Lincoln, R. N., 1919
Miss Mary E. Logan, 1891 Jhelum
Miss Eleanor W. Maconachie, 1909
Miss E. Josephine Martin, 1896 Pathankot
Miss Fannie C. Martin, 1895 Gurdaspur
Miss Mary R. Martin, 1890
Miss Maude Mitchell Miller, 1925 Sheikhupura
Miss Henrietta Moore, 1898 Pathankot
Miss Sara Moore, 1917 Pathankot
Miss Esther Moyer, 1924 Lyallpur
Miss Jean B. Morrison, 1895 Abbottabad
Miss Margaret L. Murdoch, 1924 Sargodha
Miss Elizabeth McCahan, 1875 Sialkot City
Miss Lillian McConnell, 1902
Miss Janet E. Nesbit, 1925 Zafarwal
Miss Viola May Nourse, R. N., 1923 Sialkot City
Miss Edith A. Pratt, R. N., 1926 Sialkot City
Dr. Faith W. Reed, 1926 Sialkot City
Miss Laura Reynolds, 1924 Sargodha
Miss Louise Scott, 1916 Lyallpur
Dr. J. P. Simpson, 1902 Jhelum
Miss Kate E. Spencer, 1918 Sargodha
Miss Emma M. Stauffer, R. N., 1925 Sialkot City
Miss Lorena B. Taylor, 1922 Sangla Hill
Miss Evelyn Tromans, 1923 Pasrur
Miss Edna Ward, 1923 Sargodha
Miss Georgia Wengert, 1919
Miss Josephine White, 1884 Rawalpindi
Dr. Maria White, 1886 Pasrur
Miss Dora B. Whitely, 1911

Miss Gertrude Zink, 1919

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Hannah Beale, 1920
.....3611 Greenview Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Minnie Beatty, 1912
.....R. D. 1, Karns City, Pa.
Miss Rebecca Jean Black, 1921 Petrolia, Pa.
Miss Margaret Fehlman, 1913 Crown Point, Ind.
Miss Betsy Fleming, 1913
.....6549 Emerald Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Zarra S. Hoon, 1921 Milton, Oregon
Miss Janette Howland, 1921 Walton, New York
Miss Florence Jones, R. N., 1920
.....443 Ella St., Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Miss Olive Laing, 1921 46 Maple Ave., Ingram, Pa.
Miss Rose A. McCullough, 1879 Greenwood, Mo.
Miss Willa Ramsey, 1921 West Sunbury, Pa.
Miss Vivian L. Trimble, 1921 College Springs, Ia.
Miss Ruth A. Warnock, 1913 Beloit, Kansas
Miss Cynthia Wilson, 1875
.....36 North Chester Ave., Pasadena, Calif.
Miss Rosa T. Wilson, 1886
.....36 North Chester Ave., Pasadena, Calif.
Miss Carrie Worman, 1921 Golden, Illinois

EGYPT

Miss Mildred Allison, 1926 Cairo
Miss Ella M. Barnes, 1911
Miss Margaret Bell, 1901 Fayoum
Miss Ida Cabeen, 1909 Alexandria
Miss Jean S. Campbell, 1923 Luxor
Miss Mary K. Coventry, 1918 Cairo
Miss Anna B. Criswell, 1905
Miss Mary F. Dawson, 1922 Cairo
Mrs. Ada A. Dunlap, 1926 Cairo
Miss Lucia Dwight, 1919 Tanta
Mrs. Sara M. Eby, R. N., 1926 Cairo
Miss Gudrun C. Estvad, 1925 Cairo
Miss Minnehaha Finney, 1894 Tanta
Miss Alta Grace French, 1925 Assiut
Miss Elsie French, 1909 Zagazig
Miss Alice Grimes, 1924 Cairo
Miss Rena Hogg, 1896 Assiut
Miss May Holland, R. N., 1913 Benha
Miss Isabel Hosack, R. N., 1912
Miss Lois D. Kingan, 1926 Cairo
Miss Dora Mason, 1918 Alexandria
Miss E. Roxie Martin, 1901 Cairo
Miss Sara B. Meloy, 1923 Tanta
Miss Carol McMillan, 1906 Tanta
Miss Jeanette McCrory, 1916 Benha
Miss Lillian McClelland, 1923 Monsurah
Miss Evelyn McFarland, 1919 Cairo
Miss Marion Paden, 1920
Miss Frances M. Patton, 1922 Monsurah
Miss Venna R. Patterson, 1924 Cairo
Miss Estelle Robertson, 1922 Cairo
Miss Jane C. Smith, R. N., 1922 Cairo
Mrs. Rachel Tracy Seiver, 1925 Fayoum
Miss Edna B. Sherriff, 1920
Miss Marie F. Tait, 1925 Cairo
Miss Anna Y. Thompson, 1871 Cairo
Miss Mary L. Thompson, 1917 Assiut
Miss Elizabeth S. White, 1924 Zagazig
Miss Laura B. Walker, 1904 Luxor
Miss Ethel Weed, 1919 Alexandria
Miss Ida B. Whiteside, 1924 Luxor
Miss Ruth Mary Williamson, 1924 Tanta
Miss Esther Wilson, 1919 Cairo
Miss Margaret Work, 1924 Beni Suef
Miss Ruth Work, 1904 Assiut

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Davida Finney, 1914
.....Cambridge Road, Coshocton, Ohio
Miss Martha C. Glass, 1921 Monmouth, Illinois
Miss Alfretta Hammond, 1904
.....State Hospital, Warren, Pa.
Miss Lucy Lightowler, 1921
.....414 Linden St., Camden, N. J.
Miss Helen J. Martin, 1914
.....c/o W. G. Martin, Hammondsville, Ohio
Miss Helen J. Noordewier, 1921
.....757 Logan St., S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Miss Margaret A. Smith, ...
.....c/o L. V. Smith, Garnet, Kansas
Miss Laura B. Wright, 1921 College Corner, Ohio

SUDAN

Miss Una Cole, 1918 Wadi Halfa
Miss Mary Cole, 1919 Wadi Halfa
Miss Elsie E. Grove, 1912 Khartum North
Miss Ray Huffman, R. N., 1924 Nasser
Miss Marguerite McClellan, 1926 Khartum North
Miss Aulora McIntyre, 1919 Khartum North
Miss C. Blanche Soule, R. N., 1921 Nasser
Miss Frances Turk, R. N., 1921 Khartum North
Miss Madeline Wilson, 1924 Khartum North

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Mary Frances Herron, 1922 Sterling, Kans.
Miss Mary Jane McKnight, 1922 Volant, Pa.

MISSIONARY ELECT

Miss Lillian Billington, 1927
.....641 18th Ave., Longview, Washington

ABYSSINIA

Miss Viola May Bayne, R. N., 1924 Gorei
Miss Ruth C. Beatty, R. N., 1920 Addis Ababa
Miss Elizabeth McKibben, 1924 Sayo
Miss Florence D. White, 1903 Addis Ababa
Mrs. Ruth Lobaugh Walker, 1923 Gorei

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Isabel Blair, 1922 Washington, Pa.
Miss Hazel, Ewing, R. N., 1923 New Sheffield, Pa.

A Little Time Apart

AUTUMN

"There is an autumnal as well as a vernal glory."

"O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes
forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and
looks
On duties well performed, and days well
spent!
For him the wind, aye, and the yellow
leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him elo-
quent teachings."

—Longfellow.

"The glory that is in the world in the
fine days of autumn, is a message of vic-
tory and hope. It speaks of the life that
Christ imparts, a life that is fadeless."

—Dr. Jas. Vance.

"If the flowers and leaves fade, it is
that the time of ripe fruit is at hand. If
these adornments are taken from the tree
of life, it is to make room for the supreme
fruitage."—Hugh Black.

I watched the blossoms fall from the tree
In the early days of spring,
And I said to myself as I watched them
fall,

"What fruit can this tree ever bring?"

But lo, in the days of autumn late
I returned to that selfsame tree
Thinking only the branches bare
And the withering leaves to see.
And instead I found the branches full
Of the richest and rarest of fruit;
Till the poor old tree would have broken
down

Had it not have had depth of root.
It pictured to me the things of life,
For, like the blossoms in spring,
Our hopes fade away in the days of
youth

Until only a few still cling.
Why, then shall we grieve when the
blossoms fall—

When the hopes of youth decay?
Remember that God, who loadeth the
trees,
Blesseth us in the selfsame way.

—Selected.

"'A tree is known by it's fruit.' If there
be no fruit, then is everything a failure.
For this the tree is planted; for this the
rains have fallen, the sun has shone and
the seasons have succeeded each other.
For this all the life of the tree has been
at work; roots have grasped the earth;
leaves have drunk the dew; the sap has
crept up; and blossom and bud have all
been for fruit."—Mark Guy Pearse.

What does the Lord find on our life-
tree? "Fruit that abides" or "Nothing but
leaves?"

"And shall we meet our Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit—
We stand before Him, humble, mute;
Waiting the words He breathes—
"Nothing but leaves."—Selected.

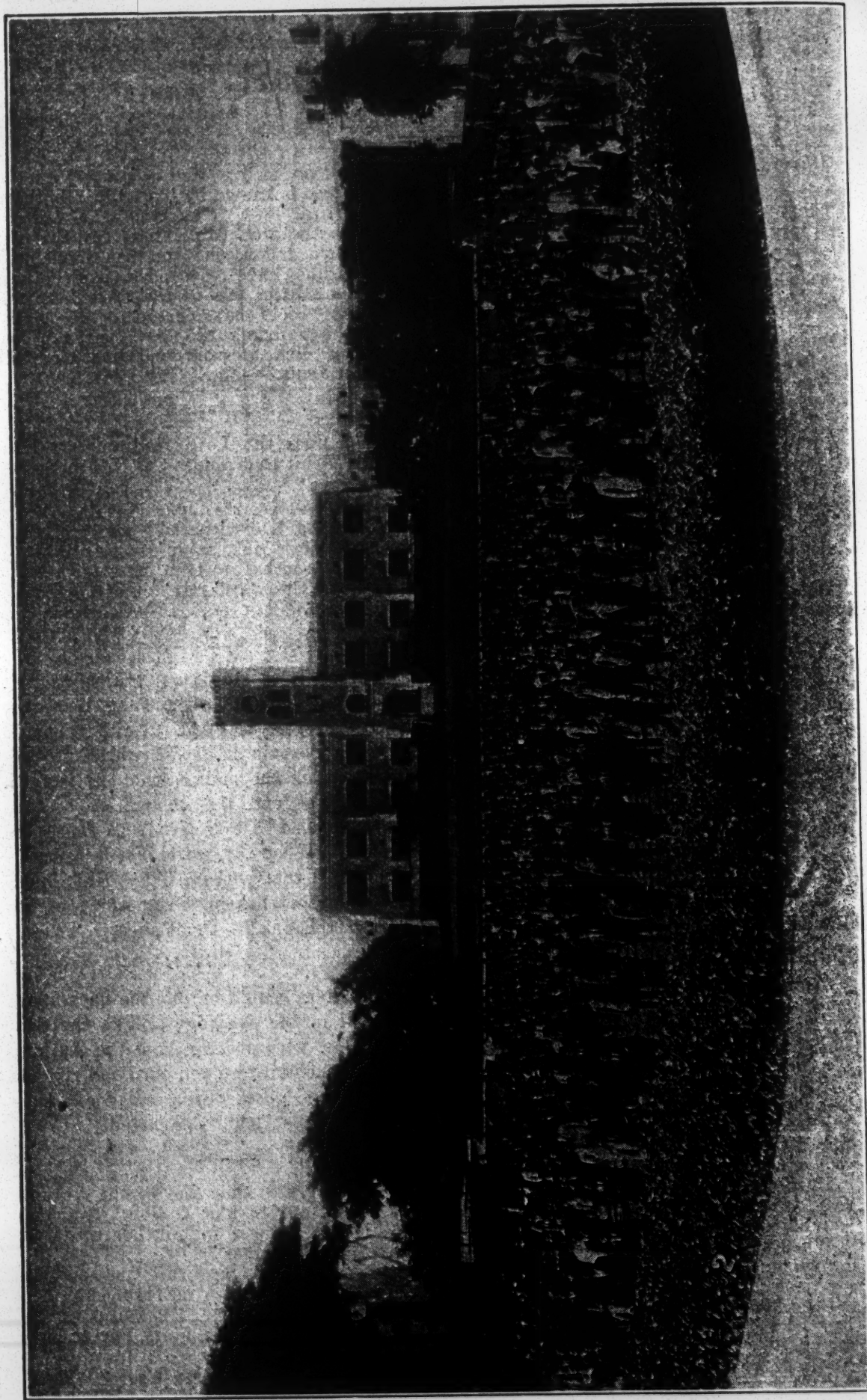
"No one is so stupid as to imagine that
the drifting foliage of autumn is a sign
that the forest is dead. Neither should
there be despair in God's world of pro-
vidence when the leaves fade. It is faith
that sees beyond the change of seasons
that is needed. It is power to sense the
spiritual. What the world needs today is
not a creed that withers like a leaf, but a
conviction that has in it something of the
fiber of the oak."—Dr. Vance.

Men's lives should be like the days, more
beautiful in the evening; or like the Sea-
sons, aglow with promise, and the Autumn
rich with shocks of golden corn and ripened
fruit,—where good words and deeds have
ripened on the field."—Selected.

"For the fruits and color of the Autumn
days accept our thanks, O God. And may
there be no sadness in our hearts at the
departure of summer."

"Now our barns are full; yet be with
us still, Lord, and save us from emptiness
of soul."

—Mrs. Mary Porter Kyle.



STUDENTS IN "THE OVAL" ASSIUT COLLEGE, ASSIUT, EGYPT. (See page 163)